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The **SATURDAY REVIEW** next week will include an article by Mr. A. C. Benson and the first of two articles entitled "Tunis at Easter".

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It has been on the whole a week of recession—and we must say we are thankful for it. Even armies in the grip of a desperate struggle will agree to a short truce for burying their dead; and in politics we have our dead—words if not men—to bury from time to time. Besides, men cannot keep going at the tension common to both parties of late: they would get hysterical or have a fit. So Sir Edward Grey's assuasive speech on the Home Rule Bill on Tuesday was good to most people who are thoughtful as well as patriotic.

It was a very wise speech—though we shall freely criticise defects in it—and it followed this reference, sincere and deeply felt, by Mr. Walter Long to Ireland: "Everyone to-day wishes to see her go along the happier and better path she has been treading for the last 20 years, developing her resources . . . taking advantage of her natural privileges".

There is no one in party politics to-day who matches the Foreign Secretary in the most useful, at times even the supreme, work of calming down passion. He always seems to be at the right temperature himself; almost statue-cold in storms of passion, yet felt to be sympathetic; free from taint of trickiness, of "tactics"; and intellectual without any of the arrogance or superiority which intellectuality is sometimes suspect of. Whether he is really "a Radical" or whether "a Moderate" need not be discussed here—but it is certain he is a moderator of passion.

Insisting on the Government's refusal to go beyond the six years' limit he yet contrived to be conciliatory. The door was still open; and especially he flung out a hint that the federal idea might well be further examined. He went on to plead for "private conversations" rather than for proposals dangerously

bandied across the floor of the House. Finally came a significant admission that he would "despair" of "force" as a final solution, even if it must be tried. Altogether an olive branch well foliaged—it has been too common lately to offer olive branches bare and fit to scourge the incautious hand that takes them.

But now we must mention two strange flaws in Sir Edward Grey's speech. He coined an amazingly indiscreet phrase—for him—when he suggested that the Ulster question *might* come to a "settlement by force"! Mr. Bonar Law adroitly caught up the words and impressed them on the House. We would remind Sir Edward Grey that "settlement by force" is exactly the process that has been going on in Finland for years past. He, as Foreign Secretary, knows probably better than anyone in England to-day the state of things in Finland. Is Finland, despite the "force", really "settled" to-day?

Mr. Bonar Law's second interruption of Sir Edward Grey was also most effective. Why, asks Sir Edward Grey, if you will agree to a Referendum without the plural vote will you not agree to an Election without the plural vote? The question is impossibly innocent; and no wonder Mr. Bonar Law says to Sir Edward Grey, "You cannot have considered the subject at all". Does not Sir Edward Grey really perceive that an election without the plural vote simply means that the value of the Irish vote, already bigger than it should be on the basis of population, would be swollen still more? Does he not see that to take away the plural vote and yet leave the representation of Ireland as it is to-day is to load the dice more than ever on the side of the Home Rulers?

Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Hugh Cecil at once pointed out this defect in Sir Edward Grey's argument, but he made no admission whatever of the error into which he had fallen, but merely went on to say that under a Referendum the people would not go to the poll, and so forth! If Sir Edward Grey will examine the question, instead of merely hating the plural vote and Referendum because he thinks they are approved by

Tories, he will at once perceive this: as things are to-day, even with the plural vote assumed to be a Unionist asset pure and simple—a bold assumption!—the dice are loaded heavily in favour of the Home Ruler's throw; for an Irish vote is worth much more than an English vote—in other words, Ireland is ludicrously over-represented in Parliament.

Take away the plural vote, as Sir Edward Grey wishes it to be taken away, and the value of the Irish vote over the English vote mounts far higher than ever. The thing is too patent, too obvious, one might suppose, to mention to any expert politician, let alone a statesman. Yet here is a man so intellectual, so highly skilled in fact and argument as the Foreign Secretary, who, it seems, has never seriously considered it.

Lord Hugh Cecil, who followed Sir Edward Grey, was peaceful and statesmanlike. He corrected at once the strange notion which some Liberals really seem to suffer from—that the Army is out for a Dictatorship, and that the Unionist Party is on the same errand. It is monstrous moonshine. A Unionist or a soldier who desired such a thing would be an ass, pure and simple. This is not the Napoleonic nor the Cromwellian age. Unionists and soldiers who are not mad will all agree with Samuel Butler of "Hudibras", who said that an army was not qualified to keep the liberties of a people. Do Liberals really fear that some Tory Kitchener is going to stamp upon the floor of the House of Commons and take away the bauble, or with bronze lips strike an attitude in the Mall and say "Fire!"?

The next really notable speech came from Sir Mark Sykes. It was a speech instinct with patriotism and nobly impatient. There was a note in it that recalls one or two of Alfred Lyttelton's early speeches in the House, but it was rather more original. A speech like this may be a dangerous experiment, but Sir Mark Sykes was perfectly secure once he had plunged into it. After all, sincerity is a true asset even in the House of Commons, where men tend to be suspicious and cynical. Sir Mark Sykes declared strongly in favour of Federalism. There are great practical difficulties to surmount; but the federal idea is gaining ground.

But sweetness and light came from quarters where we least look for them as a rule. There was Mr. Dillon, for example, offering sugar candy where he commonly offers vinegar; and there was the Rev. Sylvester Horne, who refrained from sounding his own drum, and piped peace in a minor key to Sir Edward Grey. Brotherly love once started continued all through Tuesday and Wednesday.

The plans for modified exclusion or for modified inclusion of Ulster are now becoming, surely, altogether too perplexing. The Government propose—if the counties agree—to keep her out and then automatically bring her in; another plan was to bring her in at the start and later take her out; whilst now Mr. Newbolt has a third plan for keeping her out for a time, and then, by a simple resolution of the House of Commons, bringing her in again. May we remind our readers that more than twenty years ago a perfect phrase for all these piebald parliamentary plans was coined by a very clever Scotchman—namely, "The Popping-in-and-out Clauses"?

Mr. Balfour wound up the whole debate for the Opposition this week. His references to the Army, its position and duties, were mainly a repetition of what he so admirably said last week. The kernel of his speech on Thursday was his insistence upon consulting the people before the Home Rule Bill, in any form, is put on the Statute Book. The Government's plan, foretold by Mr. Balfour from the first, of passing the Bill and going to the country between its passing and its coming into operation, he again describes as "monstrous". It puts Ulster in an impossible posi-

tion. How can Ulster remain quiet with the Home Rule Bill actually law? The Government has no excuse—they have this week found no reasonable argument—for submitting Ulster to this terrible temptation.

The great meeting to-day in Hyde Park comes very happily at the end of this reasonable week. Unionists are ready to make a bargain; but it is obviously necessary to state with emphasis and clarity our own position. The basis of intelligent compromise is a clear avowal and a continual insistence, on either side, of the claims and rights which lie under and determine the discussion. There is no inconsistency between working towards peace and being prepared for peace to break down. The position of Ulster and of the Union must not for a moment be lost sight of, however far towards a settlement we have advanced. In these early days any slackening of purpose would be criminal.

Mr. Asquith goes to the War Office. This is the one good step in the wretched progress of these difficulties with the Army. There will be no more fears of a plot or of blundering maladresse. Colonel Seely's successor had need to be very adroit and responsible—qualities which Mr. Asquith has not been able to find united in his eligible subordinates. The House of Commons has missed Mr. Asquith's leading this week, but the sacrifice was worth while. The Prime Minister has clearly taken the best way out for himself and his party.

Lord Morley has not resigned with Colonel Seely. How shall we explain this political puzzle? Colonel Seely resigned because he inserted two paragraphs in a Cabinet document which the Cabinet afterwards repudiated. But Lord Morley helped Colonel Seely to draft the paragraphs. He even says the paragraphs are not, in themselves, culpable, and that he is ready to abide by their meaning. Nevertheless Lord Morley does not resign; and he explains why he does not resign. To understand his argument we must go back to events of last week.

Colonel Seely resigned last week, but was taken back again. He resigned this week, and was not taken back again. Lord Morley carefully distinguishes between the two resignations. Colonel Seely's first resignation was, it seems, only a confession that Colonel Seely had broken a Cabinet rule—a rule that members of the Cabinet must not put paragraphs into documents after the documents have been passed by his colleagues. Clearly, says Lord Morley, if Colonel Seely's first resignation had been accepted, I, too, should have had to resign, because I, too, had broken this Cabinet rule and had erred with Colonel Seely.

But Colonel Seely was taken back. That mistake was forgiven. The second resignation was on quite a different count. Colonel Seely resigned a second time because he had made a bargain with General Gough. Lord Morley pleads he was not a party to that bargain, though he witnessed its conclusion. He did not know that General Gough was making conditions with Colonel Seely. He thought the peccant paragraphs were a spontaneous inspiration of the Cabinet, and therefore harmless. He was only an innocent and an ignorant accomplice. When, therefore, Colonel Seely resigned a second time in consequence of this injurious bargain, Lord Morley did not feel bound to keep him company.

Meantime the Cabinet has been told by Lord Morley that he fails to find any appreciable difference between the peccant paragraphs which they repudiated and the rest of the document, which apparently still holds. Speaking of the help he had given Colonel Seely in drafting the peccant paragraphs of General Gough's guarantee, Lord Morley told the House of Lords on Monday: "I did not perceive then, and I do not perceive now, that they differed in spirit and substance either from the previous paragraphs already sanctioned

by the Cabinet or from the words I had myself used in this House. Colonel Seely told me on this occasion that he regarded the two paragraphs as representing accurately what the officers from the Curragh had already been given to understand were a necessary addition." So it seems that Colonel Seely and Lord Morley thought they were honestly interpreting Mr. Asquith's mind as it had that morning been revealed in Cabinet conversations. Colonel Seely's paragraphs were only discovered to be peccant after Mr. John Ward had stamped Mr. Asquith's Radicals.

Mr. F. E. Smith put this to the House of Commons keenly and effectively: "I will undertake to show that on Monday the whole Cabinet were as deeply committed to this policy as the Secretary for War". The peccant paragraphs, indeed, stood or fell with the whole document surrendered to General Gough. It was logical in the Government to forgive Colonel Seely upon his first resignation. But, as Mr. F. E. Smith has said, it was not a particularly generous act. It was "the act of men who ought to have been in the dock with him, and therefore wanted to keep him out of the dock". Mr. F. E. Smith's speech last Monday was good fighting. Mr. F. E. Smith has stayed too long out of these debates. He certainly returned to the House very effectively on Monday.

Let us look into the explanation of Lord Morley as it touches the Cabinet. The final defence of the Cabinet for repudiating the peccant paragraphs is not that the paragraphs were intrinsically peccant, but that they were given in answer to a letter of General Gough. The Cabinet had virtually assented to their substance. There was nothing monstrous in the guarantee itself. But the Cabinet did not know that General Gough had asked for it. They had not seen all the letters; only Colonel Seely had seen them. Therefore the paragraphs, so far as Colonel Seely was concerned, were peccant; so far as the Cabinet were concerned they were not peccant. Thus a new "Cabinet rule" begins to emerge. The Cabinet must see all the correspondence of all its members or its guarantees are in perpetual danger of repudiation. Mr. John Burns, for instance, may get the Cabinet to consent to guarantee £5,000 for trams in Marylebone. The Cabinet guarantees the £5,000; but it is afterwards discovered that Mr. Burns has a letter from Marylebone asking for the £5,000. The Cabinet then repudiates its guarantee. There must be no suspicion of a bargain with Marylebone. It might look like an electoral bribe!

Mr. Churchill's defence of the Government on Monday took the expected way. The House heard again that only precautionary measures were intended by the orders to troops; that there was a plot, but that it was not a Radical plot to butcher Ulster, but a Tory plot to corrupt the Army. Mr. Churchill followed Sir John Simon in absurdly exaggerating the charges of the Opposition in order to make them seem ridiculous. We have never suggested that Mr. Churchill and Colonel Seely intended to put the whole male population of Ulster to the sword; but we have proved that it was intended to provoke Ulster and to put into Ulster the fear of powder and shot. Mr. Churchill indiscreetly revealed to the House on Monday that the Government had been urgently warned by General Paget that these movements of troops in Ulster were perilous in the extreme. Mr. Churchill, it seems, "slept tranquilly". But he confesses that Sir Arthur Paget did not.

Lucifer reproving Sin, or the newspaper Press of Sin, is a rich spectacle: it was afforded by Mr. Churchill in his speech. He grieved over Unionist M.P.'s "intoxicated" by the fiery stuff served out to them by heady Unionist newspapers, "from the 'Times' to the 'Daily Express' and the 'Pall Mall Gazette'". And this is the linguistic teetotaler who in the House of Commons accuses Mr. Amery of "hellish insinuations", and at the National Liberal Club banquet declares that Mr. Lloyd George has been "damnably treated"! Mr. Churchill, we have no doubt, sees the humour of the thing and perhaps enjoys it.

Mr. Churchill has repeated this week his charge that the leaders of the Opposition have incited the Army to disobey. While he was saying this in the House of Commons Lord Morley was answering a question in the House of Lords:—

LORD SELBORNE: Have any officers of any rank in any command, regiment, or corps in Ireland refused to obey any order received from a superior officer; and, if so, what is the name of that officer and what is the order which he received?

LORD MORLEY: The answer to this important question is that there has been no disobedience to orders in connection with recent events by any officer or man in Ireland.

Later in the afternoon Lord Roberts answered Mr. Churchill's indictment in a fine speech. There was "no semblance of disobedience of orders". The Army cares nothing for politics, and will have nothing to do with plots. Some officers were presented with two terrible alternatives. They chose the least terrible. That is the whole truth, so far as the Army is concerned.

Lord Roberts's speech proved a vigour and a power of argument that would do credit to an intellectual man of half his age. It must be admitted the Prime Minister and the more responsible men on the Government side treat Lord Roberts with the respect he merits. It is only the perter under-strappers on the Government side who forget the immense debt which the country owes Lord Roberts. It is impossible to forgive Mr. Asquith for his unbridled impudence lately towards Lord Roberts. The "Globe's" severe castigation of the culprit was thoroughly deserved.

Impudence of a politician towards a soldier is for the moment indiscreet. One thing clearly emerging from this hubble-bubble is that a soldier's honour counts higher than a politician's. Colonel Seely was able to go back into the Cabinet last week with a quiet conscience, though his initials had footed a document repudiated by his colleagues. Sir John French and Sir Spencer Ewart resigned simply and solely on the point of honour. Colonel Seely did not effectively resign till it was politically necessary.

Lord Haldane has this week been caught in the act of improving Hansard. On March 23rd he said in the House of Lords: "No orders were issued, no orders are likely to be issued, and no orders will be issued for the coercion of Ulster". But Hansard reads: "No orders were issued, no orders are likely to be issued, and no orders will be issued for the *immediate* coercion of Ulster". The difference is so important, and the words it modifies have so frequently figured in efforts to understand the Government's precise attitude and intentions in Ulster, that Lord Haldane's emendation should clearly not have been lightly or slyly made. Lord Haldane should have made a formal statement to the House if he wished to correct the passage. But Cabinet Ministers are tired of correcting their statements formally in the Houses.

The Labour men paraded on Wednesday evening in the House in favour of Magna Carta, the Petition of Right and Habeas Corpus. The House was invited to think about Mr. Poutsma and his deported friends and to resolve that Magna Carta, the Petition of Right and Habeas Corpus should run throughout the British Empire. Mr. Harcourt castrated the resolution; and, as Mr. Lynch has said, the House passed an "agreeable, academic night". The only serious contribution to the debate was Lord Hugh Cecil's unanswered plea that autonomous South Africa and autonomous Ireland will be very much in the same position. Once a subordinate Parliament is set up, interference from Westminster becomes virtually impossible. A grant of self-government in practice, if not in theory, annuls effective sovereignty. Self-government means liberty to govern how one pleases. It does not mean liberty to govern according to the policy and desires of the original Sovereign.

President Wilson has this week saved the good faith of his country. He has successfully pushed through the House of Representatives his Panama Repeal Bill. Countries using the Panama Canal are now to be equally treated. There is to be no discrimination against Great Britain. President Wilson, of course, still has the Senate to deal with; but personally he has won an honourable triumph—not without great risk to himself as a party politician. He has had to face squarely the opposition of all Americans who regard the Panama Canal as a merely profitable asset of the United States and do not think their Government is committed to equal dealing all round.

Speaker Clark is leading the opposition to the President. Speaker Clark last week threatened to split the President's party over this question of the Panama tolls. But President Wilson has not flinched. He has been opposed in Congress, criticised by his party, and reviled by the extreme, spread-eagle politicians who want their country to grab and keep all it can get out of the Canal. These politicians describe the President's policy as a surrender to Great Britain. It is a pity the President's first great stand for political honesty in the United States should be on this particular issue. Great Britain is dragged into the quarrel and freely abused. Speaker Clark's manifesto has the passage: "The old American Eagle lined his nest with the mane of the British Lion. Does the young American Eagle tremble with fear when the British Lion growls?"

The coal strike in Yorkshire seems to be a foretaste of the general strike promised for the autumn. The men appear to have stopped work in spite of the appeals of their leaders and before the resources of industrial civilisation were exhausted. A faint hope of peace remains; but, according to the "Times", the miners are determined on a trial of strength, and in such circumstances the most patient negotiator can do little. It is feared that the strike may extend beyond Yorkshire, for the dissatisfaction with the Minimum Wage Act is growing fast.

We have just read Lord Esher's lecture to the Sorbonne on war and peace. It shows how we may love peace and criticise the motives of war without wishing all nations to lose their character, or inviting them insanely to disarm. Lord Esher is not the ordinary pacifist. He preaches patriotism and personality in nations; but shows how these virtues may live with humanity, with international friendships and interests.

We are glad to hear Lord Sudeley's movement for the help and education of people who go to English picture galleries and museums now really moves. Lord Sudeley wrote to the SATURDAY REVIEW some months ago explaining the movement. It is an admirable plan. English people who go to museums and picture galleries go too often wholly in vain. They come out not a whit wiser than they went in. They look, it is true, and pass remarks of wonderment. But commonly it ends with that. Their minds are locked and barred against the truth and beauty and worth of the things they see—whether pictures, statues, illuminated manuscripts, pottery.

It is just the same in the Natural History Museum as at the National Gallery or at the National Portrait Gallery. Listen but a few moments to the remarks made by one unhappy sightseer to another—and you turn away half amused, perhaps, but still more despairing at the blank, blind ignorance displayed. The public own the galleries and museums, but they have scarcely the vaguest notion what they own. Lord Sudeley's plan is to give the public real guides, live guides, guides who know how to stimulate interest and awake intelligence in the sightseer and the museum and picture-gallery visitor. The plan is already working in several instances. It is an entire success. And we hope that ere long now it will be general.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE FEDERAL SOLUTION.

WE welcome the change of feeling in the House of Commons produced by Sir Edward Grey's speech on the second reading debate on the Home Rule Bill. Speaking as leader of the House, he was moderate and conciliatory in tone in contrast with the inflammatory attitude of Mr. Churchill on Monday. But it is not so easy to determine whether the Government's change of front indicates a sincere desire to discover a middle way in the Ulster difficulty or whether it is another device to tide over an inconvenient crisis in the political situation. We regret to have to put the matter thus plainly, but the unfortunate disclosures during the past ten days make it impossible to take anything on trust. After the inaccurate statements made to the House of Commons in the recent Cabinet crisis by Mr. Churchill and Colonel Seely nothing but clear and definite proposals will dispel the atmosphere of suspicion which attaches to overtures by the Government. Any proposals put forward by the Government must leave no room for misunderstanding and must be framed in such a way as to bind the Government to a complete fulfilment of their promises. We have had some grim experience of "debts of honour". Having said this, let us examine to what extent Sir Edward Grey's speech opens up the prospect of a settlement by consent.

Apparently, the Government are inclined to consider the possibility of settling the Irish question by setting up a federal system for the whole of the United Kingdom. But there is nothing in Sir Edward Grey's speech which shows that the whole Cabinet have considered even in outline the form of this new constitution. Before such a solution were possible the present Home Rule Bill would have to be redrafted. Have the Government considered whether the Nationalist party would agree to the elimination of the anti-federal characteristics of the Bill? And if they would not, are the Government prepared to develop a federal scheme without the support of the Nationalist party? Sir Edward Grey laid emphasis on the Government's determination that the matter must be settled within six years. How do they propose to secure the establishment of a federal system within that time? The temporary exclusion of Ulster for six years, coupled with the expression of a determination to consider the setting up of a federal system before the end of that time is clearly not enough. If no federal scheme had been agreed on by the end of six years Ulster would automatically come under the Irish Parliament. The obligation to Ulster would not be fulfilled. After the second general election in 1910 it was generally expected that the Government would at once produce proposals for the reform of the House of Lords. Mr. Asquith said it was a matter which "brooked no delay". More than three years have passed, but the Government have done nothing. Ulster is entitled to be secured against similar treatment. Indeed, while we readily acknowledge the conciliatory tone of Sir Edward Grey's speech, and welcome it as a return to the "conversational" attitude, we can see in it very little difference in substance from previous declarations of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues in favour of "Home Rule All Round". The Home Rule Bill has been repeatedly put forward by the Government as the precursor of similar Bills for the other parts of the United Kingdom. The argument has been treated by the Opposition—and, for the moment, justifiably—as a proposal manufactured for the occasion without any prospect of practical fulfilment. For these reasons we hold that the Government cannot insist on a six years' time limit. A federal scheme may or may not be possible. We believe that after careful and prolonged consideration a satisfactory scheme may be devised. But it is impossible to declare it with certainty until the whole matter has been gone into. To attempt to placate Ulster's opposition with a proposal which may turn out to be illusory and impractical is neither honest nor expedient. It is begging the question. On the

other hand the proposal put forward by Captain Pirie and other Liberal members for the exclusion of Ulster pending the establishment of a federal system is both honest and intelligible. It is a test of the Government's sincerity. If they are serious in their suggestions for a federal system they can have no objection to it. It takes them at their word.

We still wait for a clear exposition of Nationalist views on the subject. Mr. Dillon's speech is politely vague. It commits him to nothing. The Nationalist party appear to have been taken by surprise by Sir Edward Grey's speech, and apparently were not consulted. There are indications that the Government have at last decided not to acquiesce in every demand that Mr. Redmond makes. Mr. Devlin may be obliged either to make real and not illusory concessions or else to vote against the Government and lose the Home Rule Bill altogether. What course he will take is perhaps the most uncertain factor in the whole situation.

The whole position is too vague. Nobody knows what Federalism means as applied to the United Kingdom. It has never been before the country. The Unionist Party are ready to give a federal scheme favourable consideration, but Unionists cannot pledge themselves to a vague scheme blindly in advance. The acceptance of Captain Pirie's amendment is clearly our extreme limit of concurrence with a federal solution. Take, for instance, the position of the English Parliament under such a scheme. In the first place, there is an English majority of 32 in the House of Commons against Home Rule. What would be the position of the predominant partner? Are there to be two Parliaments in London—the English Parliament and the Imperial Parliament? The preponderance of England in finance—her contribution of a large majority of the national taxes and her possession of London and at least five other great commercial cities—makes it very difficult to place England on a footing of exact equality with the three other countries. On the other hand, is it proposed to consider seriously Mr. Churchill's scheme for subdividing England and setting up a number of provincial parliaments? These and many other vital points make it plain that, whatever may be the possibility of an ultimate federal solution, it is idle to expect any immediate result. Sir Edward Grey's speech carries us only a little further. If the Government mean business, let them put their proposals in black and white. At present it is hard quite to remove the suspicion that they are again trying to get out of their difficulties by putting forward a suggestion which has not been thought out. Earlier in the year, when the phrase Home Rule All Round was tossed about, we pointed out the absurdity of trying to reach a compromise by the acceptance of vague generalities, susceptible of various and conflicting interpretation. Let us abandon the idle consideration of abstract theories and get down to facts. What do the Government propose? Sir Edward Grey's argument that a general election after the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons would destroy the operation of the Parliament Act is entirely wrong. Apparently the Government do not understand the working of their own Act, Sir Edward Grey said: "We cannot be left in the position that if an election takes place, whatever our majority may be after the election, we are to find ourselves in the position of having to begin at the beginning and take two and a-half years before we can bring the Bill into operation". Lord Selborne, in a letter to the "Times", points out that a general election would have no such effect. The passage of the Home Rule Bill in the Sessions of 1913 and 1914 would count as the first and second passing by the House of Commons under the Parliament Act. The first session of the new Parliament would be the third time of passing the Bill by the House of Commons—and it would become law automatically in 1915.

The Government, however, want to pass the Bill into law in 1914 before a General Election, but would postpone its coming into operation till the autumn of 1915, and would hold a General Election in the interval. Mr. Balfour on Thursday eloquently showed what terrible mischief may ensue from a plan he describes as "monstrous". The plan has no merit

except as a party manoeuvre. The Government admit that although they may pass the Bill into law they will not be able to enforce it without the express approval of the electorate at a General Election. The absurdity is increased by the fact that they can obtain the opinion of the country on the Bill either by General Election or by Referendum before passing it into law. They could, if returned to power, put it into operation in the autumn of 1915.

Let it be clearly understood that the Government can consult the country on the Home Rule Bill without destroying their work during the last two and a-half years and without postponing by a single day the date which they have in view for the establishment of the Irish Parliament. This fact exposes the pretence which the Government put forward for avoiding a General Election.

Equally fallacious is Sir Edward Grey's point that the electorate would vote at a General Election but would not vote on a Referendum. The only deduction he is entitled to make is that some people who do not know or care enough about the Irish question would not vote on a Referendum on the Home Rule Bill, but that at a General Election these people might vote for the Government on other issues. In the latter case the Government, if they obtained a majority, would not scruple to claim a mandate for Home Rule. Consequently, a Referendum would be a fairer test of the opinion of the country on this one question.

MR. ASQUITH AT THE WAR OFFICE.

MODERATE men of all shades of opinion will surely welcome Mr. Asquith's advent to the War Office. Indeed, it is not extravagant to regard it as a message of peace to the Army; and, coupled with Sir Edward Grey's weighty words, as a rebuff to the extremists of the Radical host, who have not hesitated to raise the unpatriotic cry of the Army against the People. On one point at least we consider ourselves reassured. It seems unthinkable that, with a statesman of Mr. Asquith's calibre and antecedents at the War Office, any fresh *coup d'état* will be planned or attempted. There are certainly some inconveniences associated with the totally unexpected and somewhat dramatic course the Prime Minister has seen fit to take. It must necessarily remove him from the House of Commons for a period, although it is still to be hoped that the complete control of affairs will in the meantime remain in his hands. It is an excellent way out of a complicated *impasse*, putting aside the alternatives of resignation or dissolution; as it is difficult to see whom the Prime Minister could have chosen to cope with the somewhat distracted state of affairs which the amazing actions of certain members of the Government have brought to pass at the War Office. It is, moreover, an instructive insight into the estimate Mr. Asquith must have formed of the trustiness and adroitness of the members of the Cabinet if he could think of no one but himself who would be likely to cope successfully with the present tangled situation.

There are other important points to be dealt with before the War Office can once more settle down calmly to its business. A new Chief of the General Staff has been found in Sir Charles Douglas, Inspector-General of the Home Forces. Sir Charles Douglas is an able officer who has seen much active service in many important campaigns. Moreover, he has held some of the chief staff-appointments with unfailing success. Sir Charles Douglas will begin duty at once. The problem of finding a successor to Sir J. S. Ewart in the Adjutantship-General is an easy matter, as there is a fair supply of officers of sufficient rank and experience who could be chosen. It will be a matter of regret if the services of Sir John French, our most successful commander in the field amongst those of a serviceable age, should be lost to the nation. But happily there are still a few posts which an officer of his rank, without departure from precedent or loss of dignity, could hold. We need only remember that Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts held the command in Ireland as Field-Marshal.

From the purely departmental aspect alone, we view with gratification the assumption of the War Secretaryship by a statesman of Mr. Asquith's record. In the past he has proved himself a first-class administrator; and old officials at the Home Office declare that he was perhaps the best Home Secretary which either party has produced in modern times. Nor does he come to the work without experience. As head of the Imperial Defence Committee he has long been accustomed to deal with important matters concerning the armed forces of the Crown. Being Prime Minister as well, it is not to be expected that he will or can devote very much detailed attention to departmental affairs. But this in a sense is an advantage. It is notorious that the last few War Ministers have devoted far too much time to detail which should have been dealt with by subordinates, with the result that the larger issues have often to an extent been neglected; and this has been especially noticeable since we ceased to have a Commander-in-Chief. Indeed, in happier circumstances we should regard Mr. Asquith's appointment to the War Secretaryship as an almost ideal one. He is a great administrator, he has a wide and considerable knowledge of the problems which will face him, and his unequalled power of grasp will save him from the faults into which so many of his predecessors have fallen, of confusing detail with principle. Above all it is to be hoped his assumption of this post will put an end once and for all to the mad election cry which appeals to so many of his followers, the Army against the People. The position will certainly be a somewhat unique one. It is true that Pitt, Gladstone and Peel held the Chancellorship of the Exchequer whilst Prime Minister. But the departmental work of the Treasury need not necessarily be very arduous for its chief when once the Budget has been disposed of. We can recall no case, except that of Lord Salisbury, when the Prime Minister undertook, in addition, the responsibilities and the work entailed by the tenure of an arduous Secretaryship of State. Even then the two cases are not quite parallel, because when Lord Salisbury was Foreign Secretary he sat in the House of Lords, whilst Mr. Asquith will still be leading the House of Commons. But, however the new departure may work—and for our part we anticipate satisfactory results—it should do much towards restoring confidence in the administration and treatment of the Army, both as regards the nation and the Army itself, a point far outweighing any paltry considerations of party gain or loss; and in this spirit we trust it will be regarded by the reasonable men of all parties.

This would be a most desirable consummation. The attempt to draw the question of the Army and its governance into the warped atmosphere of party politics is no new feature. It was attempted in the early 'seventies during Mr. Gladstone's first administration, when the Army system was being recast under the auspices of Mr. Cardwell. But happily this disposition has been absent from party politics since those comparatively stormy days. We hope that men of all parties realise what Lord Roberts told the House of Lords last Monday—the Army has no desire whatever to be drawn into the maelstrom of party politics; it is only too anxious to be free from all such considerations, and no shadow of proof to the contrary can be adduced by the events of the past fortnight. It is too much to hope that the extremists will at once cease from pursuing so suicidal a course as making the Army a party instrument. We can only trust that Sir Edward Grey's words and repudiation of such methods, coming from a man who has no axe to grind and to whom the emoluments of office cannot appeal, will strike into the hearts of all those who place patriotism before party. This question, in view of the issues that have been raised, has almost transcended in importance even the question of Home Rule itself. It has become one of vital import to the nation and the Empire; and it must be remarked that, if the Army is to be drawn into this net, the Navy must perforce follow before long, as it is impossible to keep the affairs of the two services apart. Nor indeed can the Territorial Army be kept out of the picture. This is altogether a frightful impasse to contemplate, and one from which all men—Unionist,

Liberal, Radical or Labour—must recoil, when once they realise the abyss to which such insane folly and partisanship would drive them.

THE VOICES OF THE CABINET.

THE Government, which we have been assured by good Liberals is a Ministry of All the Talents, has at least one talent lacking—that of telling a consistent story. Sometimes they do not mean what they say; sometimes they do not say what they mean. The past week has given examples of both deficiencies.

The Lord Chancellor, being a lawyer, might be supposed to have the faculty of precision in his speech. Unhappily he has not. On March 24th he declared in the House of Lords that "no orders were issued, no orders are likely to be issued, and no orders will be issued for the coercion of Ulster". The official report showed that Lord Haldane had corrected his remarks in proof, so that the statement now read that "no orders will be issued for the immediate coercion of Ulster"—an entirely different matter. Lord Haldane declares that this editing of Hansard was necessary because the sentence as it stood was wrenched from its context; but the context of his speech does not anywhere suggest that the coercion of Ulster was contemplated by the Cabinet. Possibly a further emendation will meet the case; in the meantime plain men can choose between the Lord Chancellor's afterthought and the easier theory that the Cabinet changed their minds between the delivery and the correction of his speech. Lord Haldane has shown himself the Habakkuk of contemporary politics; after this explanation he is "capable de tout". But it is perhaps fortunate for the keeper of the King's Conscience that an alteration which his banker would have repudiated on a cheque was only in a public declaration made by a servant of the Crown. People are becoming used to these repudiations and recantations, misunderstandings and mystifications, on the part of their rulers.

Meantime, it must comfort Lord Haldane to realise that he is not the only Cabinet Minister whose statements require revision. The discrepancies between Lord Morley's statements in the House of Lords and Mr. Winston Churchill's statements in the House of Commons cannot be reconciled by mere editing; the discrepancies between Mr. Asquith's statements and Mr. Churchill's statements cannot be reconciled at all. Ministers should have thought of the famous advice that it does not matter much what they say, so long as they all say the same thing. In this case it would not have mattered much what excuses and denials Ministers gave for their intended overawing of Ulster, since the known facts were too much for any denial; but there would have been certain advantages in consistency. They might not have been believed. But they would not have discredited themselves out of their own mouths.

Painful experience has, however, taught them something this week. They have now learnt not to reply at all. On Monday Mr. F. E. Smith brought a tremendous indictment against the Government, piecing together the facts of the plot so far as they are known—the battleships, the field guns, the "precautionary movements", which included cavalry, the defending of places long abandoned, the protecting of small arms where there were no small arms to protect, the naval squadron of Mr. Churchill, which shrank to two small cruisers in the happy ignorance of the Prime Minister, the repudiated guarantees which the Cabinet first passed and then denied, the fine chivalry of Ministers who raised a cry against the Army to save their own faces, and then abandoned it because the blame was too clearly theirs and not the Army's. The speech was a masterly display of reasoning—and Mr. Churchill made no answer to the points. Even his sneer at what he called Mr. Smith's capacity for making an innocent man look guilty was an admission that the case looked black against him; and he forgot that every prisoner has the right of giving evidence on his own behalf. Mr. Churchill

gave no such evidence; apart from the admission that he was bitterly disappointed by the reception of the Government's concessions—an admission which proved—what many had suspected—that he had lost patience at Bradford and had then decided to put these grave matters to the proof—his reply was no more than an attack on Mr. Bonar Law. And when the leader of the Opposition spoke later in the evening, Sir John Simon was reduced to the same tactics, and to the rather petulant retort that if the Opposition would not believe what members of the Government said, the Government would not answer at all.

It is quite true that Ministers of the Crown are usually believed when they make a plain statement of fact. It has always been the privilege of this country to be served by honourable men whose word is their bond. In ordinary circumstances Sir John Simon's remark would have been justified. But on this matter we propose to ask the Attorney-General a plain question: What reason have the Opposition to believe the Cabinet, either individually or collectively? One judges men by their records, and the record of the Government—we say it with regret—will not stand examination. Why should we believe the authors of the lying preamble to the Parliament Act? Why should we believe the men who forgot to mention Home Rule in their election addresses? Why should we believe the men who misled the public and the House of Commons as to their Marconi investments? Why should we believe the men who made a treaty with General Gough one day, repudiated it the next, and restored it the day after? Why should we believe the men who say at one and the same time that a document was approved by the Cabinet and was never seen by the Cabinet? Why believe the men who deceive the public as to the two small cruisers that turn out to be a whole battlesquadron? Why believe the men who doctor Hansard?

Ministers have drawn a heavy draft on public confidence. Perhaps they think that bank inexhaustible. Possibly they disregard the cumulative effect of these unhappy exercises in prevarication. Conceivably they hold the base doctrine that it is only the first step which counts, and that a preamble not meant to be fulfilled was ample justification for a plot not meant to be revealed—until in each case the trick had served its turn.

It is clear that henceforth we must revise our standards of public life. We must believe, not what our Ministers say, but what they print; and not all of that. Their plainest declaration must be transformed from the indicative to the subjunctive. The most positive pledge is binding only when counter-signed by the whole Cabinet, and then only so long as it suits all the signatories.

That is the real difficulty in the way of a settlement by consent. Ministers talked of peace, and prepared for war. They spoke of concessions, and sent for cavalry. They promised to leave no stone unturned in the way of agreement, and their promise, like their guarantee, was worth nothing. They talk now of a General Election on terms. Who knows that if the Opposition agreed to the terms they would get the election? The terms, the concessions, the proffered peace, may be but another discredited preamble, one more repudiated guarantee. What security have we that the last trick has been produced from the bag?

LORD MORLEY.

LORD MORLEY has decided to remain in office. We shall have a word to say in a moment about the place which Lord Morley holds in our politics; but first let us look at the motives which he has indicated as determining his action. He has pleaded guilty to an infringement of a Cabinet rule. What this rule is we were not clearly told, but we take it to be that a document which has been passed by the Cabinet as a whole must not be altered except by the Cabinet as a whole. Colonel Seely broke this rule by adding the "peccant paragraphs". Lord Morley

not only stood by and watched him, but was an active *participo criminis*. Because he had broken the rule Colonel Seely tendered his resignation, and had it been accepted Lord Morley would have felt it his duty to share the penalty as he had shared the offence. But Colonel Seely's resignation was refused; and, when it was tendered a second time, it was tendered for a very different reason. Along with two other members of the Army Council Colonel Seely had initialled the repudiated guarantees; and since his military colleagues felt that the repudiation made it impossible for them to retain their offices, the Secretary of State thought it only decent to go too. But that, in Lord Morley's mind, was matter for Colonel Seely's departmental conscience and was no concern of his. Lord Morley's interest was confined to his colleague's Cabinet conscience, and that was stilled when his proffered resignation was refused. Incidentally we might add that Lord Morley himself does not regard the "peccant paragraphs" as differing in substance and spirit from the rest of the Cabinet Memorandum: in other words Lord Morley approved the guarantee to General Gough—until the tremendous shindy in the Radical party broke out: then, being human, he found other flaws in the treaty.

Such is Lord Morley's line of thought as revealed in his statement of Tuesday last. He must have had some misgivings about it, or he would have made it in answer to the questions put to him the previous day. But he thought it well to consult his Cabinet colleagues first. And quite rightly. No doubt the Cabinet was only too happy to acquiesce in any explanation of a decision which accorded with its wishes. But we wonder what Mr. Burns, for example, thinks of it. For, had it been brought forward by a lesser man, we should have dismissed Lord Morley's argument as mere sophistry. It is sophistical in that it evades the real issue by an appeal to formality. Behind the discussions of last week lay a real problem. How far is the soldier compelled in all circumstances to obey without question the orders of the Government of the moment? How far does he forfeit his citizen's right to a free judgment in controversial matters of domestic politics when he puts on the King's uniform? Questions of this sort go to the very heart of political theory. They are certainly not to be answered by a simple and sweeping formula. One would imagine that they would make some appeal to Lord Morley's mind, which has meditated so long and so wisely over human affairs. But Lord Morley brushed all these issues aside. He made it clear that he approved of the sentiments of the repudiated guarantees. He reminded the House of Lords that he had expressed them himself. He even stated, though he afterwards withdrew the statement, that his exact language had been endorsed by the Cabinet. This much he felt was due to his own consistency; but, that vindicated, he did not pursue the topic further. He transferred the issue from the principles to the mechanism of politics. A Minister holds two duties, the first to his colleagues, the second to his departmental assistants. Lord Morley was conscious that he had offended against the first of these duties; but his offence had been condoned, and with the second duty he was not concerned. So, for him, the episode was closed.

Not the most embittered partisan would suggest that Lord Morley prefers office to honour. He remains in the Cabinet because he is satisfied that he can honourably do so. But to the plain, blunt man, unfamiliar with precise subtleties of thought, it would appear from Lord Morley's own avowal that he disagrees with his colleagues on an important question of principle—the principle of the broken guarantees; and that it is only by getting round the point of principle that he is able to retain his place in the Ministry. How, then, can we explain his decision, except by accusing him of sophistry? It seems that in this matter Lord Morley has thought like a Frenchman, and not like one of the great Frenchmen whose minds he has so admirably interpreted to us, but like an opportunist French politician of our own time. No one knows better than a Frenchman how to put a fundamental issue in the most rigid and unevadable

form. But the Frenchman who has lived for a century with the fires of revolution smouldering under him has also learnt how to transform a fundamental issue into a mere matter of form. Lord Morley has formularised the Army question. He has turned it into a point of etiquette about which it is possible to chop logic, but which cannot provoke deep feeling. His treatment of it reminds us of the over-subtle handling of grave moral problems in mediæval casuistry.

This formal quality in Lord Morley's mind has gone far to make him liked and respected. Because of it he, who has shared in his time so many angry political scenes, always carries with him an atmosphere of calm. It is not only that the high calibre of his mind, the wealth of his learning, and the fine quality of his spoken and written style, give distinction to every subject that he handles. If that were the whole truth we could write him down quite simply as intellectual. But we must distinguish. Lord Morley is not intellectual in the sense that Mr. Balfour or Sir E. Grey are intellectual. Mr. Balfour and Sir E. Grey treat topics intellectually, giving them an historical perspective and a philosophic basis. But Mr. Balfour never denies the background of passion. Lord Morley denies it. Take his attitude towards the question of resignation and try to put any feeling into it. The thing is impossible. The issue as he has handled it is cold, arid, academic. So it has been with all his work during the greater part of his political career. It is because of this quality that in days gone by he got on so well with Parnell. Parnell knew what he wanted and put his wants into a formula—"Home Rule". Lord Morley worked out the formula with him and did not trouble about the means by which Parnell had propagated his formula in Ireland. It was because of the same quality that in more recent times Lord Morley got on so badly with certain Radicals in the House of Commons. To them agitation in India involved the whole question of nationality, a thing to be advocated with passion; to him it meant only a formula of balance between Mohammedans and Hindus.

It is a valuable quality in party politics this capacity for expressing vital problems in mechanical terms. For politics as practised in England are an art of compromise, and compromise is stimulated by irony. When we can get into a state of mind in which we can be amused at our own excitement we are ready to consider coming to terms with the other side. Lord Morley, alone among politicians of eminence, knows how to induce that state of mind. But valuable though his influence is, it is no bad thing that he is alone. Rob politics of their passion and you rob them of their idealism, and politics without idealism is a poor business, opportunist at best and at worst corrupt. We are heartily thankful that Lord Morley's excitable colleagues still retain the counsel of a man who may be trusted to keep down their passions. Nevertheless, let us cherish enthusiasm with all its risks!

SPECIAL ARTICLE.

WHAT NEXT?

BY LORD ROBERT CECIL.

THE political situation in the House of Commons changes from day to day with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Last week the whole atmosphere was filled with threatenings and slaughter. Mr. Churchill had organised "active operations" in Ulster, whether contingent or immediate is a matter of dispute, the effect of which had they been carried out would unquestionably have been in his own phrase "bloodshed on an extensive scale". The Army, asked to carry out these "hellish"—Mr. Churchill's phrase again—manœuvres, had preferred the alternative offered to them of resignation, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, clamouring for the blood of the working-men in the shipyards and factories of Belfast, had made a demand which, to quote one more of Mr. Churchill's

phrases, would have shattered the Army. Finally, the civil and military chiefs of the Army had resigned, and men were asking themselves whether civil war, if it came, would be confined to the other side of St. George's Channel. This week we have had a change of scene. Sir Edward Grey has come forward in his well-known character of the harbinger of peace. He has made a speech, the meaning of which is not a little obscure, but which was understood to be a step towards conciliation, and the House of Commons, a rather emotional body, has occupied the ensuing days in falling on one another's necks.

All this is very interesting and in some respects edifying, but it does not alter the basic facts of the situation. They cannot be better stated than in the words of the Prime Minister on the 9th March:—

"On the one hand, if Home Rule as embodied in this Bill is carried now, there is—I regret to say it, but nobody can deny it—in Ulster the prospect of acute dissension and even of civil strife. On the other hand, if at this stage Home Rule were to be shipwrecked, or permanently mutilated, or indefinitely postponed, there is in Ireland, as a whole, at least an equally formidable outlook."

Compare these words with Mr. Birrell's celebrated utterance in 1907 that Ireland had never been more peaceful for six hundred years and you have an accurate measure of the statesmanship of the present Government. In seven years they have reduced Ireland from unexampled prosperity and peace to such a condition that it is seriously doubtful whether civil war in one end of the island or the other can be avoided. Observe, it is no longer a question of riots and disturbances. Lord Loreburn well said in the House of Lords the other day that though he was an optimist he had ceased to be able to believe that anything less than civil war was in prospect, at any rate in Ulster; and indeed, even allowing for Mr. Churchill's love of exaggeration, the preparations which the military authorities, under his instigation, recommended in connection with the military movements, contingent or immediate, whichever they may have really been, in Ulster, show conclusively the extent and gravity of the position. A battle fleet, a brigade of cavalry, large infantry forces, howitzers and siege guns, a ton of lint, pontoons, and I know not what other military engines and preparations, show that if hostilities had broken out the Government confidently expected operations at least as important as many of the wars in which we have been engaged in various parts of the Empire during the last fifty years.

Plainly, then, in the time-honoured phrase, something must be done. I am personally inclined to think that the best plan would be for the Government to put their Home Rule Bill into the form which they believe to be most suitable for the situation and then submit it to the country for acceptance or rejection by means of a Referendum. Ultimately the sovereign power, or the greater part of it, rests with the electorate, and it is for them to decide issues of the magnitude of that which is now upon us. It is urged that a Referendum would not really indicate the opinions of the electors, since an adverse decision on Home Rule might make it impossible for a Home Rule Government to continue in power and therefore general political considerations would necessarily affect the suffrages of the electorate. It is not disputed that the decision of the voters, however asked for, would not be given with scientific accuracy. But it surely stands to reason that if the real purpose be to ascertain the desires of the country with reference to Home Rule, that object will be most likely to be attained by asking the electorate to answer specifically and exclusively the question whether they desire Home Rule to be passed or rejected.

It is no doubt true that the situation has now become so involved that Ulster might decline to submit to Home Rule in any form, even if it were accepted by the electorate of the United Kingdom, and in that case, owing to the incredible follies and blunders of the present Government, the situation would still remain exceedingly grave. I believe, however, that in such an

event the Ulstermen would even yet be prepared to act reasonably, and it seems to me that this procedure would avoid the appearance of surrender to force which many of us dislike on general grounds. But if the Government are not prepared to adopt this measure, the only other possible course is the exclusion of Ulster in some form or another. No one really believes that the absurd six years' limit is a tolerable suggestion. It would keep Ireland in a turmoil. It would embitter the enmity of Ulstermen and Nationalists, and, above all, it would leave the Irish question as a dominating factor in English politics for yet another lengthened period. Nor is it really consistent with Sir Edward Grey's speech last Monday. For though he upheld the six years' limit, he did so only on the distinct understanding that if Ulster was still reluctant to come in at the end of six years it would be impossible to force her to do so. That admission really destroys the whole basis of the Government's proposal, and the only question that now remains is what particular method can be adopted which will secure to Ulster constitutionally that which Sir Edward Grey believes will, in fact, have to be granted to her. Sir Mark Sykes, in the very remarkable speech which he made on Wednesday, advocated exclusion until a federal scheme had been agreed upon. I am no great admirer of federalism and I rather incline to the belief expressed by Mr. Dillon that when it is examined closely it will be found to be impracticable for these Islands. But if it is practicable, then no doubt in some form or another Ulster would have to be included in such a scheme, and it is therefore quite reasonable to propose that her exclusion shall end if and when some scheme is agreed upon by which she can be comprehended in a general resettlement of the Constitution of the country. All that I would urge is that the Government should forthwith translate into some action their pious aspirations towards peace. Settlements which would have been possible six months ago are no longer possible, and what can be done now may well be impracticable in a few months' or a few weeks' time. We know from the actions of the Government itself that they contemplated "a blaze" in Ulster only a week or two ago. It is madness to allow a situation to continue indefinitely from which, by almost any accident, may arise a state of civil war, if not of revolution.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

FOX-HUNTING AND THE ARMY.

By FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD.

WITH an experience of over sixty years' service under the Crown, and as a fox-hunter whose first season dates back to 1855, I have no hesitation in asserting that Major-General Alderson has, in his beautifully illustrated volume "Pink and Scarlet",* given to all soldiers not only sound lessons as regards sport, but much advice of great value for their conduct on active service in the field.

Cyrus, the astute and victorious soldier, founder of the Persian Empire, is stated to have hunted less for the enjoyment of the sport, than for the cultivation of rapid appreciation of military situations. Without going so far as to urge as a necessity the adoption of the plan followed by Cyrus 2,400-2,500 years ago, there can be no doubt of the value of hunting as a training for all who may command troops in action.

There are instances of two celebrated, hardworking Britons in support of my general proposition of the military educational value of riding to hounds. Oliver Cromwell, the most uniformly successful cavalry general that the United Kingdom has ever produced, and perhaps it may be said that the world has ever

known, hunted a great deal until he took to politics. Arthur Wellesley (Wellington), the most uniformly successful infantry tactician known in history, was devoted to sport with hounds. He had a pack in the Peninsula, and we find him writing from Torres Vedras to his friend and subordinate, General Sir Thomas Graham, then at Cadiz, in the winter 1810-1811: "Come up here and have a day with my hounds, and we will talk after dinner how to beat the French".

The author tells an interesting story of what an English Militia officer, attached to the Staff of General Bourbaki, was enabled to effect from his habit of riding to hounds. In January, 1871, the French troops were operating on both sides of a valley near Belfort. The general, wishing the troops on the opposite side to advance and having no signallers with him, sent two aides-de-camp in succession with orders. They rode back towards the head of the valley, looking for a road across it. It was closely fenced with small enclosures, and there was a brook in the bottom. When Bourbaki became impatient the Militia officer asked permission to take the message direct, and the general assenting he rode straight as a bee-line. The fences were not big, but the ditches being covered with snow could have been crossed only by a trained hunter. The horse cleared them, and got over the brook with a scramble, the rider delivering the order some time before the aides-de-camp, who had started half an hour earlier, but who had travelled by road.

There is still more dramatic instance of the value of horsemanship recorded by Lord Munster during the Peninsular campaign of 1809. When the British Army, from want of supplies, halted at Talavera, July, 1809, General Cuesta, Wellington's ally, followed up the retreating French corps under General Victor, who, finding that only the Spaniards were pressing on his rear, turned on them, and Cuesta retreated as fast as possible to rejoin Wellington. The Spanish retirement was covered by two cavalry regiments, one of which blundered into some enclosures of stone walls. In these a regiment was overtaken by the Dragoons of Latour Maubourg, and the one exit being blocked, was practically exterminated. An English Royal Engineer officer, who was attached to the cavalry regiment, escaped by putting his horse at the wall, which the Spanish horses would not face.

As an old soldier who has worked hard at his profession, and who has, as he believes, never allowed sport to interfere with his military duty, it is with deep regret that I feel obliged to accept the statement of the author that there are fewer army officers hunting in 1914 than there were, say, in 1864.

With the daily increase in the use of motor-cars, it is only natural that the habit of covering long distances in the saddle, a habit which thereby becomes a second nature, must diminish. This neglect of equitation was so notorious amongst our cousins in the States that, five years ago, the then President issued an order to compel the senior officers of cavalry to ride from time to time thirty miles for three successive days, and we were told by the American Press that the order appeared to many to be unreasonably exacting.

Some officers attribute the want of interest in hunting to the increased exigencies of military duty, but admitting that all Army men work half as much again as they did thirty years ago, this explanation is inadequate, for it is believed that the numbers of those who attend race meetings is greater now than ever.

Although the experience is very valuable to officers of all branches, cavalry officers who have to make rapid decisions naturally profit more by their experience in the hunting field than the officers of other arms of the Service. Marshal Marmont in his "De l'Esprit des Institutions Militaires", published 1845, points out the great difficulty of obtaining a cavalry leader, because the very qualities of a good horsemaster are apt to render him unwilling to sacrifice his horses at the critical moment. The perfect leader watches over the efficiency of every man and horse until the day of battle, when he uses them without scruple or thought of their lives, dominated by the sole idea of getting as

* "Pink and Scarlet"; or, Fox-hunting as Military Training," by Major-General E. A. H. Alderson. With illustrations in colour by Lionel Edwards. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.

much out of them as possible. Marmont, who knew all the leaders of his epoch, states that twenty years' war under the Consulate and Empire produced only three first-class cavalry generals—Kellerman, Lasalle, and Montbrun.

General Alderson gives us in chapter xii., "The Battle", or "getting away with hounds", many graphic touches, which must appeal to fox hunters and to soldiers alike, for they are as true to sport as they are to war. Many of us who are "one or two horse-men", and are introspective, will admit that we have often missed getting off with a good start in a run owing to want of quick eye and rapid determination, while we have tried to persuade ourselves that our lack of success was primarily due to fear of injuring our horse.

The author unconsciously paraphrases Marshal Marmont's ideal when he inculcates "caring for the horse as if it were the apple of one's eye, yet at such a moment he should ride it as if it were only worth eighteenpence".

The British soldier of all ranks is generally more apt to "ride out" his horse than he is to study the animal's food in bivouacs and cantonments. This has been the case in our Service over 100 years, and the Hanoverians in the Peninsula, the King's German Legion serving under Wellington, were admittedly better horsemasters than were our Dragoons.

The author's advice on stable management can scarcely be bettered, though one may differ from his views on certain small points. He prefers saddles with plain flaps to those with a roll. I personally use both, but believe that the roll helps the rider to remain in the saddle over a drop fence, and it is useful when one is riding a horse which "takes a pull at you".

I am inclined to believe that the absolutely essential expenses of hunting are somewhat overestimated in this book, and I deprecate what appears to me to be the undue importance of a perfect turn-out. When a young officer is hunting from his barracks, and when, as I have seen forty years ago, twelve men in pink leave the quarters of one battalion, then no doubt pride in the regiment demands a sacrifice even with a scanty income; but such a hunting parade is seldom seen in the present decade, and I believe that men are more respected in the hunting field for their horsemanship than for their clothes.

The author recommends his young comrades to invest in a boxcloth coat at £10, which, as he rightly observes, will last a lifetime, but he forgets that nature is not as kind to all of us as she has been to him in regard to his graceful figure, and with most of us a coat bought when we are twenty years of age, though its cloth may be as good for practical purposes as ever, seldom fits us as comfortably when we are forty years old.

The opportunities when riding to hounds of quickly studying ground are well brought out in chapter vii., and the value of the knowledge when leading troops on active service in the field is made clear by some excellent tactical instructions in chapter ix., giving combined sporting and military examples.

Lessons for the education of the young horse in jumping fences are, like the rest of the book, based on sound principles that all instructions should be a combination of firmness and kindness.

The illustrations by Mr. Lionel Edwards are beautifully executed and will attract not only the fox-hunter, but the keen soldier. There is one showing the necessity of look-out men, even when temporarily halting, in order to guard against surprise. In the foreground there is a party of men resting at ease, and an officer, deprecating the necessity of sentries, trusting in the assurance of the Staff "that they have no enemy within fifty miles"; but in the background may be seen the white-turbaned heads of natives crawling up to surprise the soldiers.

My comrades will, I think, obtain as much profit as they will pleasure from this volume.

ENGLAND'S SWORD.

ENGLAND, why art thou rich and free?
Why has thy realm inviolate stood
Amid an universal flood?
What kept to thee thy liberty?
Thy sword, my England.

Its keen sharp edge has never failed
To keep thee safe and win thee glory;
In all our little island story
Its shining honour never paled—
Thy sword, my England.

And will you let them turn it now
Into a dagger, and from spite
Stab your own children in the night?
And shall they deal a felon blow
With thy sword, England?

England, thy honour is thy sword;
Its edge is for the enemy,
Not for thy sons. It shall not be
Stained like a politician's word,
Thy bright sword, England.

H. FIELDING-HALL.

ROMANCE—IN LITTLE.

BY GILBERT CANNAN.

A CERTAIN row of houses will always be romantic to me, of more account than Windsor and on a level with Glamis, because in it dwelt a man who had been squeezed in its trunk by the elephant at our Zoo. I had never seen the elephant, but the tale of its deed was given me by my brother, upon whose word for nine years of my life no shadow of doubt ever fell. The man I saw every day as I passed the corner of his street on my way to school. He had a round face, a grey moustache, and every morning he would come out of his front door, which was set in an excrescence built out to balance the bow window—he would come out and walk across the street and gape up into the sky. Then he would take out his watch and say to himself, "Never trust the sky", and return again to his house for an umbrella. Never once did he go without his umbrella, nor did he omit his ceremony of consulting the weather and his watch, which, surely, can have had very little to do with it. . . . There he was, and I had him fixed in my mind as part of the day's routine, a topographical detail. Came a day when his door did not open, and when I walked home in the evening they were putting down tan over the stone setts outside his house. That, I knew, meant that someone was very ill, but one does not associate topographical details with illness. Yet it was he, and my brother told me that the elephant at our Zoo—at that time so poor an affair that half the snakes were stuffed—had picked him up with its trunk, squeezed him, and shaken him until he rattled, and set him, pale and groaning, upon the ground. The fate of that man seemed to me glorious.

A child's mind is full of glamour, and, for its own delight, can cast spells upon things and people. That is its darling pursuit, and its grief and confusion come from the refusal of things and people to be spell-bound. A child is no Joshua to stay the sun, but he achieves his miracles by assuming everything to be wonderful. Out of this assumption grow marvels.

Indeed, I was a tolerable magician in those days, and wove many spells which are potent even now. Such a spell I cast upon the householder distinguished by the elephant. About him and about I span a spider-thread, so that he is encased, as it were embalmed, and preserved for the life of my memory. More than that, he has got another life through his adventure. He has become communicable. There may be other traces of him—a tombstone, a mourning card, a hat or a handkerchief, his name in a newspaper or a church register,

but these lead away from glamour: they make no mention of the elephant, and without it he is not. Even to me, without the elephant, he is no more than a man who came out of his house, looked at the weather and went back for an umbrella. With it, he is the fellow of Macbeth and Sam Weller and my Uncle Toby and Parson Adams, and the other glamorous beings who at one time or another have captured my imagination and taken up their dwelling there. Without the elephant his very name is but a word: with it, his name is a part of the man, a magnetic centre to which the outlying portions of his personality are irresistibly drawn. Ware—that was his name, and there was a song made about his adventure:—

O, be-Ware the elephant,
His trunk is long and lithe.
He likes his bun—O, look out there!—
He likes his bun and Mr. Ware.
So be-Ware, Mr. Ware, of the elephant,
His trunk is long and lithe,
And in it you will writhe.

I don't know who made it up. Songs used to grow out of groups of small boys as blackberries grow in the hedges, and they would ripen in the warmth of a romantic adventure such as this, and every be-glamoured thing used to become a song. . . . Where there were songs you may be sure there were tales. No marvel can arise but the attempt is made to account for it, and the darkest stories were told of the villainy of Mr. Ware. How else should a kindly elephant so detest him as to treat him as this beast had done? But heroes and villains are all one to a boy magician. He adores every object upon which his powers are exercised, and I adored Mr. Ware. He never knew it, nor did he know of the fearful drama to which this adoration led me. Almost I became as Cain.

Mr. Ware had a daughter, and that really is the whole story, or as much of it as is worth writing, were it not that a frank confession has become necessary to the present resurrection of Mr. Ware. The elephant—Mr. Ware—his daughter—my brother—the whole drama must be laid bare if there is to be any understanding of the romance that lies in that row of houses.

When I had successfully enchanted Mr. Ware and was living in the most exalted happiness with him and his elephant, pat comes my father to plunge me into an emotional crisis. He came into the bathroom one morning as I was washing my hands and stood fingering his watch-chain and said nervously: "Well, well. Hum. Ha. Yes. So you have got another little sister". . . . Upon the small information then in my possession as to the manner of her coming, I loathed and abhorred the whole business of the production and distribution of babies. No glamour about that! I came heavily to earth—and what I suppose would commonly be called my senses. I said nothing, for I had nothing to say. Only fat tears flopped into the water before me and their salt oozed into my mouth. My father edged out of the room, and a blackness came upon me, and, for all practical purposes, I died. I ate and drank and went to school, but I was dead. The baby had taken possession of my world and kicked me out of it, and it was many days before I could even think of climbing back into it. Then all the glamour I had poured into Mr. Ware came to my aid.

A party of boys and girls was made up from our school to go to the Zoo to see the fireworks. These are illuminated and exploded, with a mimic presentation of a recent battle, at ten o'clock. If, however, you go before four o'clock you are admitted half-price. We reached the Zoo at half-past two, and there were many weary hours during which we saw the beasts, and went on the roundabouts, and paid extra pennies to see the snakes (half of whom, as aforesaid, were stuffed), and drank nasty tea and ate Eccles cakes until they became an abomination and a tyrannous obsession. I saved half mine for the bears or the elephants. I found an elephant standing between his steps, and was holding out my Eccles cake when a small girl said: "That's

where the elephant took my father". For the first time that day I was filled with interest. I gazed at her and saw that she was beautiful. "Did it", I said, "did it toss your father? Did it lift him on to its tusks?" "Yes", she answered. "It lifted him on to its tusks, and he held on with both hands." Back came my glamour to lighten my darkness, and I decided that I loved her. I gave her what was left of my Eccles cake as a token of my love, and set out to walk home from the gardens—a long way—to brood on it: for love was then a thing to brood on, and existed for no other purpose. And more than half my love was adoration of Mr. Ware, first because of his adventure with the elephant, and second because he was the father of one so fair and of such virgin purity.

Here, virtually, the maiden drops out of the story. My love endured until such time as I was assured of my superiority to my new sister, and had extended and developed the Ware-elephant saga. I had almost forgotten it when my eldest sister assured me with every sign of profound emotion that the maiden loved me. Then was I filled with pity for her, and, at my sister's instigation, wrote her a love-letter. This my sister sold to my brother for a bag of popcorn, and he, who had a great scorn of females, tormented me with it. My chivalry was inflamed, and I sent the lady a Christmas card, a thing of ivy and forget-me-not, and she sent me a card adorned with a piece of quilted pink satin and a gilt heart. This I treasured. It had come from the enchanted house: it was more precious to me than white rats. I had not had it above a fortnight when my brother stole it, took it from before my very eyes. . . . We were in the kitchen. There was a rush of blood to my brain, of tears to my eyes, of a lump to my throat, and, glaring horribly, I seized the knife-sharpener. My brother fled before me up the stairs—into my mother's room—over the bed—out again—along the passage—into the bathroom, where he locked himself in and amused himself by pushing the card, piece by piece, and last of all the gilt heart, under the door, upon the panels of which I hacked with my knife and banged with my feet until I was captured, disarmed, and smacked about the head into a sick realisation of what I had done. And when I knew that, my love was dead; but through that fiery storm Mr. Ware and his elephant were finally established in the enchanted world, and were so built into my life that nothing can ever dislodge them.

That was my first romance, and I think it has made me for ever a romantic.

CHAUVINISTIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

SINCE the beginning of the century, some of Mr. Scriabin's "scientists in Russia" affirm, men have taken to committing murder entirely for the sake of the fun of being hanged afterwards. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, nor do I swear it has been made at all. It may be mere hearsay, one of those idle bits of gossip that critics, to pass the time, whisper to one another during the first performance, of English compositions; and the mention of Mr. Scriabin's name, as well as the circulation of the legend in concert-rooms, suggests that some symbolistic-futurist or futuristic-symbolist has tried to adumbrate in the form of an immortal myth a phenomenon of these times and its explanation. When I ask the reader why, for instance, Mr. Holbrooke gives concerts, or Mr. Beecham runs seasons of opera, the eternal verity and universal application of the myth becomes at once apparent: all these people do all these things because they enjoy being tried—by the Press, I suppose—and nearly or wholly hanged afterwards. Mr. Holbrooke, in fact, not to mention Messrs. Balfour Gardiner, Arnold Bax, Ellis, and one or two other heroes, are generally hanged immediately after the concert, the trial, out of consideration for public time and money, being indefinitely postponed. But as

another hero, that of "Punch and Judy", remarks, hanging is all right and pleasant when you are used to it; and the last time I saw Mr. Holbrooke he looked—well, as if he were getting used to it: the others are reported to be progressing favourably. It is odd that the new allegory should be attributed to those friends of Mr. Scriabin who are working scientifically to justify his unscientific intuitions; for foreigners, as I said in my last article, don't get hanged after the production of their achievements in England. They are hoisted on high, it is true, but not as Haman was; they are nearly killed, but only with kindness; they are heavily burdened, but with English gold. I do not wish to repeat my diatribes, beating a message into unwilling ears: indeed, there has been too much diatribing. Composers and writers have all been at it: Mr. Holbrooke, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Beecham, myself, and a dozen others have unpacked our hearts with words. It is no use abusing conductors for their indifference to English music or the great public for its stupidity. If ever there is to be a change we must first settle two Why's: Why is English music not only ignored, but even actively disliked? If the fault lies in the music, Why?

That it is ignored goes without saying. Five important concerts took place within four days—Mr. Ellis's orchestral and Mr. Holbrooke's chamber concert on Friday; the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave one on Saturday, the London Symphony Orchestra one on Monday, the Philharmonic Society one on Tuesday. Mr. Ellis's programme included English and foreign works and the conductor was English; Mr. Holbrooke's programme was entirely English; Sir Henry Wood directed the Queen's Hall Orchestra and the things rendered were Bach's "Weeping and Wailing" cantata, Brahms's Song of Destiny, and the choral symphony; the London Symphony Orchestra played a wholly foreign programme and the conductor was Safonoff; the Philharmonic people played foreign music and was conducted by Mengelberg, but the pianist was Frederic Lamond, a superb artist, and a Britisher who was educated in Germany, married a German lady, and lives in Berlin; the singer, Miss Muriel Foster, is also a native of these isles. An enthusiastic musician from the Fiji Islands might hold up these five concerts to his sluggish countrymen and point out how admirably even the backward English support native artistic endeavour. Alas! that Mr. Ellis's and Mr. Holbrooke's struggles for home produce should necessarily be intermittent, sporadic, and that on the doors of the three great permanent institutions should be inscribed in letters of coldest ice, "No English composer admitted here—Not even on business". The proportion of home-made to foreign music given in these four days is not satisfactory—it is appalling; were it sustained all the year round I should be in a state of rebellion and go out with a musket ready to pot all the English composers I met. They are safe, however: not only am I a bad shot—probably, that is, for, like the man who was asked if he could play the fiddle, I have never tried—but they are impregably entrenched behind the stacks of Continental music dumped on these shores. Taken from year's end to year's end the proportion of English to foreign music we can hear is infinitesimal. Conductors and committees declare it does not pay. This sounds brutally commercial, but I suppose it is true. Have they tried to make it pay? Not long ago Schönberg's music was received with a storm of ill-bred hissing. "Very well", Sir Henry Wood seems to have said, "you must hear it again"; and he gave it again and imported Schönberg. No one understood a bar of it—and I suppose we shall have more of it. The same thing happened in the case of Scriabin. Now, a few weeks ago the Philharmonic played a piece by Mr. Frank Bridge and some one hissed. I will not be silly enough to ask if the piece was played again. What is good enough for the Russian goose should be good enough for the English gander; but the only sauce the latter noisy bird gets is that offered him by English jackasses who tell him in the Press that he is superfluous and had better flap

his wings and take himself off. A single hearing does not serve for anything really new; and it seems to me that were Holbrooke, Gardiner, and the rest all Beethovens they would have to wait until they had been dead as long as Beethoven before Wood, the Symphony Orchestra, or the Philharmonic would recognise their genius. I know perfectly well the difficulties, and the vast services rendered by the Queen's Hall folk have always been acknowledged in this REVIEW; but, still, when so much is done for music which either we do not understand, as Schönberg's, or, understanding, think little of, as Scriabin's, a little, a very little, more might be done to dispel the delusion that Englishmen cannot write interesting and beautiful music.

The answer to the first of the Why's is, then, that some English music is regarded coldly or genuinely disliked because it is not understood and is not likely to be understood. And the answer to the second is that in much of it there is little to understand and that little is clumsily and unattractively expressed. This is the fatal damping quality in the work of many promising young fellows. A tremendous prejudice exists in the public mind of to-day against all their efforts, and the harder they honestly try the more obstinately that prejudice uprears itself. The prejudice needs little accounting for. When Dr. Burney collaborated with Bacon and Sir Durning-Lawrence to re-write Shakespeare, he turned a famous phrase into "Handel bestrides England like a Colossus". He certainly did; we had generations of great composers writing sham Handel oratorios which sickened everybody. Then we got a daring soul or two who ventured to write symphonies in imitation of Haydn's; and these symphonies, and, later, the numberless imitations of Mendelssohn's oratorios and Spohr's, finally killed the desire of English audiences, even at provincial festivals, to hear anything English. The men who finally blasted English hopes were not the dull cathedral organists, but Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie, and some of the smaller fry. They would not stop in the provinces, but insisted on bringing their achievements to London; and London was then—and as a mere matter of fact is now—the hub of the musical universe. The oftener the "Rose of Sharon", "Eden", "Job", and "Saul" were heard the deeper became the conviction that our musicians might be very fine chaps, but—they couldn't write music. Then the young men began. But what chance had they against the Continental young men? The Continentals had written, one might say, almost from babyhood, music not in the style of the lamented Sterndale Bennett and the deplorable Macfarren, but of Liszt, Wagner, and Berlioz: discords had no terrors for them; they had bothered themselves from the beginning with vital contrapuntal music, not with contrapuntal exercises on fragments of forgotten Church tunes. Our youngsters tried to do the same—and the results we know only too well. Some Englishmen learn to speak French so that an extra-polite Parisian manages to keep a straight face; but not one in ten thousand can write the language. The younger English musicians, trained only to write in the English style, have been trying to write in the modern style—in an idiom which they do not in the least understand. Their efforts make foreigners laugh and leave English audiences sad and despondent.

That is my answer to the second Why. A great many of the most intelligent of the young composers will have to take to teaching; will have to supplant the coteries of dullards who infest and rule our music-schools; will have to train their juniors to speak the modern language of music, before we get anything at once original and pleasing to hear. And in some future article I will point out, in contradiction to my colleague Mr. Palmer, that the path the next generation must take leads through the opera house.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

By JOHN PALMER.

I SHOULD like to speak well of Mr. Monckton Hoffer's new farce at the "Apollo"; but that, unfortunately, is almost impossible. Everybody now who cares for English playwriting calls for English plays by English authors, and, when they appear, curses them heartily; says they are not comparable with the French; and immediately asks for more. It is the only way. It is our duty to encourage managers like Mr. Charles Hawtrey to produce English farces and to abuse them when they do so. Let me acknowledge that Mr. Hawtrey has just lately more often been treated in this way than almost any other English manager. There was a time when Mr. Hawtrey's chief mission as a producer seemed to be to act as the Lord Chamberlain's agent provocateur. Those days are over now. Mr. Hawtrey to-day no longer chooses to be impudently French. He prefers to be deplorably English. Of course, he is right. Native talent must be encouraged; and, when it has been encouraged, it must be told exactly what it is worth by candid friends who are not afraid of getting themselves disliked. We shall improve by experience, even though experience be no more than the name we give to our mistakes.

The modern English farce is so strange a bundle of dramatic odds and ends that it clearly could never have been invented or imagined. A monster such as this had to grow. It can only be explained as a freak of Nature, an accident of theatrical history. Indeed, it is an abuse of language to talk of English farce. There is no such thing. The modern English author who sits down to write a modern English farce simply does not know what he intends to write. He writes a bit of farce; he writes a bit of a romantic idyll; he puts in some comedy, or even a bit of strong drama. Naturally the players when they get this abominable mixture of every vein and style known to theatrical history have not the least idea what to do with it. One member of the company thinks it his duty to be as impossible as Punchinello; another plays delicately, as though he slept with Congreve under his pillow; some want the audience to love them and to weep for them; others simply tumble over the furniture or borrow half-a-crown; some take things seriously and act as if they meant it; others palpably wink at the audience, letting it be known that they, at any rate, mean to be funny whatever the play may be. This description does not in detail fit "Things We'd Like to Know", but roughly it will do. Compare Mr. Vane Tempest, whose performance as Lord Glandeville is comedy refined, with Mr. Henry Wenman, whose performance as Mr. Todd is almost harlequinade. Compare Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the naughty protagonist of an ingenious plot with Mr. Charles Hawtrey who discovers moral scruples and a heart. We object to none of these things in its time and place. We vigorously object to them all in one and the same play.

What precisely is the sort of fun we are promised in the first act of "Things We'd Like to Know"? There is a firm of bookmakers who are going to pretend to be a firm of literary tasters and experts. There is a vulgar little typist who is going to pretend that she has written some lovely poems. The fun is all to flow from this ingenious conspiracy; and we look forward to a startling series of farcical hazards and chances. But, alas! this is not a farce—it is an English pot-pourri. The principal figures in our conspiracy must discover fine sentiments and scruples. We are solemnly asked, while the farce is kept waiting, to measure the motives and understand the emotions of puppets who, as simple puppets, might have so greatly delighted us. Soon the farce is painfully hobbling, or standing still, groaning and staggering perpetually under the weight of the explanations it has to carry. Occasionally it is electrically galvanised into renewed activity. Its people stop pretending they are real, and again become puppets for our pleasure. But the dreary

business soon begins again. We are not allowed to enjoy the manoeuvres of the show. The show is interrupted while the showman, ceasing to pull the strings, begins to explain to us in detail how they work. It is for all the world as though Punch were to stop beating Judy and begin wondering whether his proceedings were strictly to be justified as becoming an Englishman and a gentleman.

Mr. Monckton Hoffer, in a word, has promised us a farce—an entertainment whose fun shall depend on a rush of funny surprises and shifts and situations; and he has provokingly failed to keep his word. Farce is fantastic or it is nothing. It must suspend the ordinary rules of conduct. Its logic must be the logic of a madman. Its figures must fall into inevitable attitudes of fun according to a law and order of their own devising. Farce is our escape from the dull world. We know that in the dull world every ingenious plot is a conspiracy; that lying is unworthy of a Christian; that we must feel and think before we are allowed to act. In the realm of farce these tiresome laws are suspended. Every plot is an excellent plot, provided it promises to lead into merriment; lying is a necessary virtue, a commandment wherein every other commandment is comprehended; as to feeling and thinking, such things are not known. When Mr. Hoffer's farcical people—people obviously intended to be fantastically happy—begin to talk about their feelings; to explain their conduct; to wonder if their plot is, after all, quite decent; to interrupt their proceedings and look into their hearts: then we are chilled and disappointed. The reason of this disappointment is our unconscious conviction that people in a farce should never have time for penetrating, internal investigations. They should be too busy for any such thing.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey should especially regret Mr. Hoffer's inability to sustain the farcical mood; for Mr. Charles Hawtrey is particularly happy in that fantastic Alsatia where the laws of this world no longer run. Mr. Hawtrey does not thrive in a moral or in a sentimental atmosphere. To say he is by nature fitted for a naughty boy is inadequate; for naughty boys must be punished and corrected, and no one would ever dream of punishing and correcting Mr. Hawtrey. He is too young to know any better. He doesn't know what wickedness really is. He has never heard of the fall of man. He lies, like Odysseus, as a sacred duty to which he was born. It would clearly be impious in Mr. Hawtrey not to lie and get into unspeakable scrapes. It would show a will most incorrect to heaven. It is his talent, which obviously he must not bury in the earth. In a really good farce Mr. Hawtrey's exuberant deficiency of moral sense (I mean, of course, as an actor) has continual play. Charles Lamb would have loved to watch him. Mr. Hawtrey is, in this regard, treated very badly in "Things We'd Like to Know". He is, to begin with, almost a good man, and he actually improves morally as the evening advances. We only saw Mr. Hawtrey twice as his true histrionic self. He had to tell a few—all too few—lies to start Mr. Hoffer's ingenious plot on its way. That was worth almost all the rest of a dull evening. Later Mr. Hawtrey appeared in a disguise elaborately intended to deceive. Then, again, we were rewarded. There is nothing more delightful on the English stage to-day than Mr. Hawtrey assuming an elaborate, and, of course, immoral, cleverness that deceives nobody. He is like a large baby, his face sticky with damnable evidence, denying he has ever had anything to do with the tarts.

Miss Dorothy Minto does not in this play live up to her masterpiece in "Fanny's First Play". She is restless and uncertain, explosive in an accidental, ineffective sort of way. Mr. Vane Tempest is admirable. He plays comedy throughout and plays it wisely. The part owes more to him than to the author, for he has to say some really awful sentences that would have utterly killed a less competent actor. Miss Helen Haye was an excellent fine lady where she was able to contrive it; but she could not in the later scenes lift her part above that of the ordinary stage

tabby. Again it was the author's fault. Mr. Henry Wenman played at a broad grin, which, too often, was quite out of tone with the methods of his companions. But if the author does not know what his play is intended to be, how should his interpreters? Mr. Lyston Lyle fell into rank with Mr. Vane Tempest. I did not know there was much opportunity left for distinction in the playing of an excitable colonel; but Mr. Lyle achieved it.

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

(By a WORDSMITH.)

AVOID, said Dryden, the unnecessary coinage and the unnecessary revival of a word—both are affectations. That is true enough, but neither offence is covered by Lord Halsbury's protest the other day against the use of the word "tip" by one of the counsel before the House of Lords Marconi enquiry. "Tip" is a most necessary and useful word; and it is good, sound, working English. There is hardly in the language a neater, a compacter, and a more telling word to describe a transaction in the City or in the racing world. Also it exactly conveys that image of knowingness, of being "on to a good thing", of getting something worth having before the others have their "slice" or "cut in", which marked the particular transaction.

Lord Halsbury seemed shy of it as slang. Tip has not yet been reached by Dr. Murray and his colleagues on the Oxford Dictionary; when it is, no doubt the Marconi affair will offer an illustration they will not be slow to seize. Meanwhile Latham in his dictionary (1870) gives this definition of a tip: "Hint, or something more, in general: common as applied to secret information on turf matters, etc." Slang—though Latham does not say so—tip may be. But what of that? Is not "Tory" likewise slang in its origin, and would Lord Halsbury abhor it for that?

Must slang never be borne into a live and growing language, even though it happens to express exactly, compactly, the thing we wish to convey? Is language to be cabined and confined within the strict limits of some dried-up pedantry? If so, we must overhaul the dictionary and rule out of polite talk and writing not alone tip and Tory, but a host of words and phrases that are in a hundred English classics. Words that start as slang may become vital parts of the language.

One who is steeped in English literature and has enriched it himself by work of rare beauty, lately criticised the "Maxims" that appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW. It is a pity, he said, that these "Maxims", extremely good and brilliant some of them, should have been defaced by slangy expressions, such as "asking for it", "the limit", and so forth. In his protest, however, against slangy expressions he failed to discriminate. Slang is often disgusting, tedious, and banal: everything depends, however, on why it is used and how it is used. For certain ends slangy expressions are quite allowable, and they are effective and absolutely "literary"; but a wise discretion and judgment must be exercised in their employment.

The SATURDAY REVIEW—to the relief of many who value language and style, the choice of a word or the turn of a sentence—has struck of late at the spirit of the lesser grammarian with his meticulous care for the inessential. It has declared against pedantry. But to object, at this time of day, to Tory or to tip on the ground that they are slang—what is it but pedantry? Lord Halsbury is a great Englishman. His vigour at over eighty, his fearlessness and patriotism, are a splendid example. But does he not drop unwittingly into pedantry when he objects to "tip"? Words, as a mighty forerunner of his in the law—none other than John Selden—said, must be fitted to a man's mouth, as "'twas well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my Lord Mayor, when he desired to take measure of his Lordship's mouth". Words must also be fitted to the thing they exactly and scientifically express: and what word can do that half as deftly as tip for the affair in question?

THE FAITHFUL LIBERAL AND THE SOLDIER.

IT was a faithful Liberal, and thus I heard him cry: "Shall armed Dukes and Marquises the People's will defy?"

Shall men-at-arms control the State, with rude despotic mien,
While Freedom and Democracy fly shuddering from the scene?"

It seemed that England's liberties were menaced by the sword;

It seemed there was Bloodguiltiness (a thing which he abhorred);

And oft I said within myself, while contemplating him,
"This is the modern antitype of Hampden and of Pym!"

"Good sir," I said, "you move me much: I sympathise, of course;

Think not that I'm an advocate of military force;
Yet give me some particulars to base my views upon,
And tell me what the soldier-man has actually done!"

He gnashed his teeth: he strove to speak, but passion thwarted it;

Mere language was not strong enough the awful truth to fit;

And more and more alarmed I grew—in phantasy I saw
A corps of proud Praetorian Guards annihilating Law.

"Alas! alas!" he cried at length—"and if you want to know

What dreadful things the soldier did, and why I feel it so—

We asked him how his wishes lay—and straight he answered then,

He'd rather not be told to shoot his fellow-countrymen!"

O horrid fact, O brutal act, O vile rebellious rout!
Can life be safe or property, with men like this about?

Let's hope that History yet may brand with damnatory pen

The wretch who did not want to shoot his fellow-countrymen.

A. D. GODLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SITUATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 April 1914.

SIR,—We soldiers are simple people. So they say. Nevertheless we have, I think, a clearer conception of our duty than those politicians who lecture us, yet who seem themselves lost in a maze of misrepresentation.

We know that our duty is to our King and Country, and that we must be ready at all times—

- (1) To fight the King's enemies.
- (2) To obey all lawful commands.
- (3) To assist the civil power, when called upon, in the maintenance of law and order.

This is our simple duty. When have we forgotten it?

What happened in Ireland is plain. The Government ordered officers at the Curragh to make a choice. The officers regretted the necessity, but obeyed the order.

The Government, believing that these officers had made their choice under an "honest misunderstanding," reinstated them, under an assurance which was offered by the Government, but never asked for. All that General Gough did ask was to have the assurance made plain and clear to

A SIMPLE SOLDIER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 March 1914.

SIR,—To take the lowest view of the Prerogative, the King is at least Grand Chairman of the Nation, and in that capacity he is assuredly entitled to take the votes, and if the Ayes and Noes be equal, to give the casting vote. To say that the nation is almost equally divided is to repeat a platitude. A schoolboy would say: "Tell us something we

don't know!" And, indeed it is by this time matter of common knowledge that the Cabinet itself is divided—whether equally or unequally is of no importance. The Chairman of a Company, when the Aye and No votes are equal, votes for the *status quo*, and I submit that there are circumstances under which it would be the King's duty (I do not say prerogative, but emphatically *duty*) to do what any and every Chairman would do. This, of course, implies the Veto. No Chairman would declare any motion carried the votes For which and the votes Against which were precisely equal. It is true that precise numerical equality is unattainable at a General Election or at a Referendum, but assuredly a margin of a quarter-million in seven millions is near enough to justify a *status quo* casting vote. The estimate is a rough one, but it can be tested, and will stand the test, approximately at any rate. I am purposely taking the lowest ground, treating the King's prerogative merely as the privilege or duty of every chairman who presides over an equally divided meeting, and on this ground I claim that it is His Majesty's duty to dissolve the House of Commons without waiting for advice from a Cabinet divided against itself.

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Hursley," Honiton, Devonshire,

30 March 1914.

SIR,—We now know what the Parliament Act means. It has so unfolded itself that we can have no doubt as to its meaning.

I have myself, all through this time of crisis, said that the nation would not submit to such degradation. I have felt certain there was grit enough in the nation to prevent this monstrous wrong. The grit is showing itself plainly now. Beginning with brave Ulster, it is working in England. I may mention the petition to the King against Home Rule with its vast number of signatures of electors awaiting presentation to the King so soon as the time comes; Lord Roberts's noble appeal; the noble stand of our Army officers; the great meeting to be held in Hyde Park.

Sir, can we doubt it? The grit will continue now to show itself, and with God's help we shall win, and so our kingdom and empire will be saved.

I am, very faithfully yours,

(Rev.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Prestone, Firle, Sussex,

26 March 1914.

SIR,—It appears to me that the present situation is this: that a cry is being raised by the Labour Party (as lovers of freedom) against the Army (on whom they depend for their own freedom from foreign tyranny) for refusing to kill their fellow-subjects who are prepared to fight for their freedom.

If the indignation expressed arises from disappointment at a failure of a repetition of the massacre of Glencoe on a larger scale, one may be able to comprehend the feeling but scarcely to sympathise with it. Is this the grand result of State education?

Yours faithfully,

HARRY SCARLETT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.,

9 March 1914.

SIR,—As a "Scot Abroad" the arrival and contented perusal of my home mail is the most pleasing event of the week.

At present I turn first to the Ulster question in my SATURDAY REVIEW and other papers.

To my mind, Sir Horace Plunkett's suggestion might be workable if his arrangement of the matter was reversed. Let Ulster stay where she is just now. In the meantime let the rest of Ireland give proof during the next five years—I say five advisedly, for it will take them three to get into running order—of its ability to govern itself in a worthy manner. Let it show constructive ability to inaugurate sound

reform and the energy to carry out in the sole interest of the country such plans for its economic development and prosperity. Let it establish and maintain law and order and stop all obstructive party quarrelling and petty jealousies among its leaders. When the Home Rulers have proved their single-heartedness, honesty and trustworthiness by *deeds* instead of words during that period, then let Ulster "choose the better part," and, if that may be union with the rest of Ireland, I am sure neither Scot nor Englishman will gainsay her choice.

Yours faithfully,

M. C. MACGILLIVRAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is an essay extant, termed, in English, "Perpetual Peace," which proves that a German—of Scottish ancestry—solved the Ulster problem in the year 1795.

Emanuel Kant writes:—"Is revolution a legitimate means for a people to adopt for the purpose of throwing off the oppressive yoke of a so-called tyrant ('non titulo, sed exercitio talis')? The rights of a nation are violated in a Government of this kind, and no wrong is done to the tyrant in dethroning him. Of this there is no doubt. None the less, it is in the highest degree wrong of the subjects to prosecute their rights in this way; and they would be just as little justified in complaining, if they happened to be defeated in their attempt and had to endure the severest punishment in consequence".

Kant—the greatest man of genius in our Lilliputian universe—touches the spot. There is a problem, and it *must be solved*. The rights of Ulster have been, in contemplation, violated; the contemplated action by Ulster is justifiable as against tyranny. None the less the same action by Ireland as a nation would be justifiable in support of Home Rule, if any form of Home Rule were recognised by the British Parliament.

The solution of the problem is that, on the one hand, Ulster is quite right, on the other hand, Ulster is quite wrong. But the British Constitution has two hands. So the hands must meet in compromise—hand opposed to hand means physical strife.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Thornes House, Wakefield,

29 March 1914.

SIR,—I venture again to make known my simple scheme for raising money to help the people of Ulster in their immediate need. I beg to say I have still left a large quantity of my saxifrage "Orange Lily". Will those who sympathise with the justice of Ulster's claims order a root, send me a postal order for 5s. 6d., and a label to be tied on bearing their full names and addresses? Will those who cannot afford a larger sum send me 5s. 6d. as requested, but will those who are rich and feel deeply send to me according to their abilities, and I will see that all amounts so realised are duly forwarded to leaders of the Unionist party in Ulster?

I am, Sir, yours truly,

(Lady) CATHERINE MILNES-GASKELL.

AN APPEAL TO REASON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.C.

SIR,—The appeal to reason which Sir Mark Sykes makes in your issue of 28 March cannot at this crisis fall on deaf ears. One may oppose or support Home Rule as a policy, but it is the plain duty of all men to oppose civil war as a means of decision. As to who is responsible for civil war—a matter that is exercising several tongues and pens—we may leave that to the historian, and he will, I imagine, determine that some share of the responsibility lies upon us all.

Stripped of its surrounding dangers, the present position is difficult; it is not unprecedented in the British Empire. But the course proposed is unprecedented in the Empire—or

if there is a precedent it is one of force and therefore out of court with reasonable men.

The Home Rule Bill will create a new Irish Government and a new Irish Parliament. Now in three provinces of Ireland there is a majority in favour of the Bill, a minority against; in one province is a majority against, a minority in favour of the Bill.

Let us look at a Canadian parallel. Fifty years ago certain provinces of British North America agreed to set up a new common Government and a new administration. In each of those assenting provinces a majority favoured, a minority disliked, the project; it was carried through. But certain other provinces of British North America did not favour the new common Government. They were not forced to come in—but the door was left open for them to come in, if and when they chose. Of the three provinces which remained outside the new common Government at the start, one—British Columbia—came in four years later. A second—Prince Edward Island—repented of its isolation six years later. The third—Newfoundland—still holds aloof.

Australian history shows a somewhat similar case, and the new Government which was set up in South Africa likewise has its Ulster in Southern Rhodesia. Rhodesia, like the North of Ireland, was represented in the discussions which led to the new form of Government, but like the North of Ireland again, was unwilling to enter into partnership. And here, as in Canada, the province which preferred to stay outside was not forced into the new common Government, but the door was left open for it to come in, if and when it chooses. The time has not yet come—but the South African Union is only four years old.

Can any reasonable politician deny that the course taken by Canada, Australia, and South Africa was wise? Can any reasonable politician who makes that admission deny that the course taken now is foolish?

To talk of six years' exclusion is trifling; the animosities which have been roused by the talk of force and compulsion do not subside in six years, and the insertion of an automatic time limit necessarily tends to keep those animosities alive. To talk of two general elections is absurd; issues of that kind are not settled by general elections. Imagine a similar situation in South Africa—a Rhodesia compelled to join the Union after a general election. The voice of Rhodesia, where incorporation has been an issue, is strongly averse from the Union; but if a simultaneous general election had been held in the four provinces of the Union the Rhodesian question would not have been a leading issue at all. Unforeseen circumstances would have made the deportations and the labour troubles the decisive question, and the future of Rhodesia would have been settled by the public judgment on the Johannesburg strike—an absurd and irritating conclusion. Similarly the future of Ulster under the present proposals might conceivably be settled by the public judgment on the Insurance Act, the private transactions of a few dukes, and interesting but irrelevant discussions concerning that democratising of the Army which is driving our Liberal friends to the unconscious advocacy of conscription.

No, Sir; this country, which has taught the world many a lesson in political sanity, need not be above learning something from our own people overseas, who have faced their own Ulster problem and solved it. Let Ulster be excluded from the Bill, and the door be left open for the province to come in, if and when she will. And for preference exclude the whole of Ulster, not merely four or six counties. The existence of a strong Nationalist minority in Ulster will counterbalance the existence of a strong Unionist minority in the other three provinces, and each side may thereby learn tolerance from the other.

The solution may not be perfect, but it is better, I think, than the use of force and civil war. It may require, what I am told by some is an impossible condition, the temporary co-operation of the two great political parties, and the revision of certain unwritten political treaties with minor political groups. I doubt if the public at large will subscribe to the theory that this bar is insuperable, or believe that co-operation is necessarily more wicked than bloodshed.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. WYATT TILBY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

88, Bishop's Mansions,

Fulham, S.W.,

31 March 1914.

SIR,—I have been very ill for more than a month and unable to follow in detail the extraordinary workings of a political plot to which the sarcasm of Benjamin Disraeli alone could do justice. I heard him once say to Monty Corry, "Do you think that the Conservative working-man will pass away as quickly as he has arisen? If so, woe betide England, for the dissolution of the Tory party is indeed nigh at hand. No, the Conservative working-man is the only hope in future of the Tory party." And those traitorous folk who talk glibly about the non-commissioned officers and privates of the British Army as likely to aid their pernicious schemes will find themselves sadly mistaken. There is no institution in England in which there is such an *esprit de corps* as that which binds together in a regiment officers and men alike. Where the officers will lead the men will follow. It is extraordinary that no one seems to have noticed that by the fatuous bungling of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland we were saved from our greatest difficulty. Everyone in the know, except possibly the Government till lately, had known that many officers and men would refuse to fight against their brethren in Ulster. They would, of course, not have disobeyed the King, but would, with reluctance and an expression of unflinching loyalty to the King's person and office, have resigned their papers, but here the Government's chief military officer actually asked them whether they would fight against Ulster or not and prevented them not only now but in the future from doing even a seeming act of disloyalty. Great efforts have, we know, of late years been made to corrupt the Army, but the pestilent literature has fallen on very unfertile ground. Where the territorial system prevails officers and men have known each other from boyhood. They have played the same games, joined in the same country amusements, and have been bound together alike by home ties and those extraordinary links which join together men who have fought for their King and country in a common cause. The Radical who is reckoning on support from the private soldier will find himself much mistaken. I read this morning that, soothed by Sir Edward Grey's excellent speech in the House last night, Unionists are proposing compromise when the ball seems to lie at their very feet. To talk of Unionists being prepared to accept the Plural Voting Bill and not to oppose Mr. Asquith in Scotland seems to me, a politician of the olden school, little short of insanity. Just as Scotland is showing by many signs a greater sympathy with Unionism than has been known for many a long year, surely no method of damping that enthusiasm could be conceived more calculated to dishearten and dispirit loyal Scots than the refusal to lead them on to a fight that could not but enhance the growing feeling that Scotland is no longer an unassailable Liberal fortress. In conclusion, what I specially desire to protest against is the way in which men and women of all classes pursue their daily avocations, business, and amusement, with apparently not the slightest idea that the country is and has been for months on the very verge of one of the most serious crises of which we have any record in our chequered national history. What an example our King has set us by his abstinence at such a moment from attending the Grand National at Liverpool and by his devotion day and night to his public duties! What a startling contrast—what a certain proof of their sincerity—is afforded by the astounding fact that during the whole of this year in Ulster football, so dear to the Irish heart, has been abandoned, and that, in one form or other, both on Sundays and weekdays, Ulster's sons and daughters have recognised that "the Lord sitteth above the water flood, that the Lord remaineth a King for ever". Nothing can be more remarkable than that the chief supporters of the Ulstermen in England have not been mainly men of their own creed, but such well-known High Churchmen as the Earl of Shaftesbury, Viscount Halifax, Miss Alexander, the daughter of the poet Primate of Armagh,

and Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., together with a large number of the members of both Houses of Laymen.

I am, yours faithfully,

ERNEST J. A. FITZROY,
Editor of the old "John Bull", in the administrations of Lords Derby and Beaconsfield.

THE CUCKOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Hertford,

30 March 1914.

SIR,—May I be permitted, for the information of Mr. F. F. Montague, to quote—purely from memory—lines my mother used to sing as a lullaby sixty years ago in West Cornwall:—

"The cuckoo is a fine bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings,
She tells us no lies.
She sucks the sweet flowers
To make her voice clear,
For when she sings 'Cuckoo'
The summer is near."

Yours faithfully,

J. P. S.

THE AMAZING SPRING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 March, 1914.

SIR,—This surely is very nearly a record in early spring wild flowers. On Saturday last, 28 March, I saw on a sunny bank in Suffolk cowslips here and there in blossom. As for the March primroses they were like those of early May. In spite of these realities the absurd illusion of the March cuckoo has not been heard of this year. I think people are at last beginning to know that the cuckoo absolutely never appears in England till April is well in.

Yours faithfully,

A SOUTHERNER.

THE CHIFF-CHAFF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

34, Elm Park Mansions,
Chelsea, S.W.

SIR,—To-day (1 April) I heard the chiff-chaff in Richmond Park.

Yours truly,

J. R. H.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

2 April 1914.

SIR,—We ask you to-day to make known the need for an army of new workers to carry on one of London's most happily inspired charities. The Children's Country Holidays Fund requires a dozen honorary secretaries and perhaps a hundred voluntary workers, in addition to those already engaged, and needs them in every part of the London area. The fund, more necessary year by year to this vast and ever-growing city, sees its development arrested, and even its present usefulness threatened, by the increasing difficulty in filling the gaps in the body of workers whom the late Canon Barnett gathered around him, and whom he seemed able to call from the four quarters of the city in numbers that grew always larger as the work developed. In spite of the increasing competition of paid social work, and the attraction which its apparently more serious character has for those who are desirous of helping their fellows, we believe that there are very many, both men and women, who would willingly come forward to fill the vacancies amongst our honorary secretaries and in the ranks of our visitors to the London schools and parents' homes, if once they understood the extent of our need and the opportunities offered by work for this fund to train oneself in and to render social service.

The object of the fund is not only to give holidays to the children of the very poorest, but also to supplement the efforts of that vast number of self-respecting and hard-working citizens whose budget does not offer sufficient margin to cover the whole cost of a holiday for their little ones. The children we are helping may be ailing; they may have recently recovered from some operation or illness, or it may be that they have never seen the blue sky arching over a green field, or wild flowers growing freely by the wayside. Their parents contribute according to their means to promote the children's health and happiness, and the relation thus brought about between them and the Children's Country Holidays Fund affords an unrivalled opportunity for those who have some leisure to bestow in helping those about them, to get naturally and easily into touch with the poorer wage-earners. The nature of the gift—a child's holiday—is such that it can be accepted with no loss of dignity, and the intercourse is rendered all the pleasanter by the fact that any money that actually passes is paid by the parent and received by the visitor. The work amalgamates admirably with that of the Care Committees, the pressure of the latter being at its heaviest in the winter, and of the former in the summer, the children dealt with being in many cases the same. The honorary secretaries of C.C.H.F. Committees in any part of London will find work to call out and develop all their powers of organisation; will acquire as wide a knowledge of conditions in the district as they can hope by any means to obtain, and will find themselves admirably placed for entering upon further social service if desirous of so doing.

We shall be glad if anyone who wishes to learn more of the opportunities of social service indicated in this letter will communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Geoffrey Marchand, Children's Country Holidays Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

Your obedient servants,

ALEXANDER OF TECK, *President.*

ARRAN, *Treasurer.*

HAMLEDEEN, } *Trustees.*
LOREBURN, }

FRANCIS MORRIS,

Chairman, Executive Committee.

J. BAYFIELD CLARK,

Vice-Chairman, Executive Committee.

A CHALLENGE TO MR. NORMAN ANGELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Banstead, Surrey,

31 March 1914.

SIR,—The eccentricities of your correspondent who signs himself "A Rifleman" are great and perplexing. Your issues of 21 and 28 February contained an ingenious and very long letter headed, "The Failure of Mr. Norman Angell" and signed "A Rifleman". This letter attacked the theories of "The Great Illusion" at several points and misstated Norman Angell's argument in general. On 7 March you courteously published a letter from me correcting these misstatements and endeavouring to meet the attack. The current number of the SATURDAY REVIEW contains another letter signed "A Rifleman", headed this time "A Challenge to Mr. Norman Angell". This letter contains no reference whatever to the preceding discussion; the misstatements are neither repeated nor withdrawn, and the ground of attack is shifted from "The Balance of Power" and "A £1,000,000,000 indemnity" to the most preposterous non sequitur which has ever masqueraded as a logical dilemma.

Since Mr. Norman Angell is in America, he cannot, of course, take up this absurd "challenge". If, however, you will allow me to do so, I will try to expose its futility, although only Mr. Angell could ridicule it as it deserves.

First let me say that if "A Rifleman" merely intends to make a joke, he ought at least to acknowledge that his serious argument of February last has been refuted. If, on the other hand, he is issuing a solemn challenge, he must forgive me for doubting his competence to deal with economic problems.

Briefly stated, "A Rifleman's" latest joke is constructed as follows:—First ingredient: Norman Angell's statement, supported by all reputable economists and financiers and amply proved by experience, that a sudden influx of monetary wealth, which is kept between the national boundaries and not exchanged for *real* wealth abroad, must necessarily result in a general rise in prices proportionate to the amount of monetary wealth received.

Second ingredient: Norman Angell's thesis that the great civilised States of the world form an economic whole; that there exists no general conflict of economic interest between any two fully civilised States; that, on the contrary, they are all linked together by reciprocal economic interests, and that war between any two fully civilised States is from the economic standpoint a civil war. (In these two summaries I have adopted "A Rifleman's" phraseology, which I agree fairly represents Mr. Angell's arguments on these points.)

Third ingredient: The widely held opinion, which I certainly share, "that armaments form a tax upon the productive life of the community, that general disarmament will redound to the economic interest of the human race, will, in short, be beneficial to human progress".

From these three opinions "A Rifleman", with much flourishing of trumpets, claims to demonstrate "that Mr. Angell's arguments result in a conclusion so obviously a logical absurdity that no single one of his supporters will be prepared to accept it".

This is the supposed dilemma: "If from the economic standpoint national boundaries have ceased to exist, how will it be possible for the nations disarming to exchange the increased monetary wealth available for *real* wealth outside the national frontiers? If the nations of the world form an economic whole, if the national governments agree to a general disarmament and seek to turn the sums wasted upon armaments into more productive channels, then obviously, according to Mr. Angell's arguments, there will result merely a general rise in prices which will leave things exactly where they were. Why then disarm?"

I have stated the case in "A Rifleman's" own words, lest anyone should see this letter who has not first read the "challenge" and should suspect me of misrepresentation. The argument is, as I have said, a preposterous non sequitur. The wealth released from unproductive employment by general disarmament would not be in monetary form at all, though it could be reckoned in terms of hundreds of millions of pounds. The wealth then available for making houses and boots and railways and ploughs and many other things which would add to the health and the happiness of the peoples of Europe, would be in the form of human beings and factories and iron and bricks and coal and brains. Disarmament would release *real* wealth in the form of the factors of production, land and capital and labour, which would then be available for the production of useful commodities. "A Rifleman's" "logical dilemma" is, in fact, merely a crude misunderstanding of the difference between *real* wealth and the currency which represents it.

A secondary confusion in "A Rifleman's" case appears to be enshrined in the sentence: "If from the economic standpoint national boundaries have ceased to exist, how will it be possible for the nations disarming to exchange the increased monetary wealth available for *real* wealth outside the national frontiers?"

It is precisely because the economic life of Europe has overflowed political boundaries, because of the elaborate mechanism of international trade, that it has become possible to exchange the monetary wealth of one nation for the *real* wealth of another nation. In other words, the nations of Europe not being economically self-contained, it is possible for a country with an excess of gold to exchange its surplus for that of a country with an excess of wheat or cotton. If, on the other hand, the nations were self-contained, an excess of wheat would merely mean that wheat was cheap in terms of other commodities, and an excess of gold would mean that gold was cheap, which is another way of saying that prices are high.

Your correspondent has a vigorous and confident style, but he must think a great deal harder and reason much

more closely before he can successfully challenge Norman Angell on a point of logic. It is a little irritating to have elementary economic blunders put forward as serious arguments. It is well to remember, however, that what "A Rifleman" light-heartedly writes down nine-tenths of our fellow-countrymen believe subconsciously without examination. It will require much labour on the part of men like Norman Angell and institutions like the Workers' Educational Association before the confusions between gold and wealth, which were cleared up by Adam Smith, have ceased to mislead the majority of those whose well-being depends upon the right understanding of the wealth of nations.

Yours faithfully,

HAROLD WRIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Whitehall House, Whitehall,
London, S.W.,

31 March 1914.

SIR,—“Rifleman” has challenged Mr. Norman Angell! Mr. Angell is at present somewhere between Los Angeles and Chicago, but “Rifleman” generously includes Mr. Angell's supporters in his challenge. No doubt many of them will accept it; perhaps you will allow me also to touch his shield. He writes this time with some heat; he hurls his thunderbolt at us and seems to think that we are once and for all extinguished. The Directors of the Garton Foundation and the other bemused and deluded fanatics who work at Whitehall House are, I suppose, in deference to the peremptory challenge of this gentleman, to close the doors of the Foundation; we are to cable to Mr. Angell not to return; we are to cease issuing “War and Peace” or our pamphlets; we are to telegraph to the professors and students of the English, Scotch, Welsh, German, American and French Universities who have formed or who are forming societies on our lines; Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, and a dozen more great industrial centres are all wrong and must forthwith wind up their associations. “Rifleman” has got a dilemma!

Well, of course, it is all nonsense. The dilemma is, to mix the metaphors, a mare's nest. What does he ask? If the sudden influx of a large sum of money by way of indemnity sends up prices, would not the sudden saving of a large sum by the reduction of armaments have the same effect?

Well, the answer is just “No!” You might as well say that because the sudden acquisition of £10,000 might have a bad effect on a man's character, therefore his character would be just as much harmed if he diverted that sum from the purchase of gin and diamonds and fireworks and devoted it to draining a marsh. The evil effect of an influx of wealth by the exaction of an indemnity is that, while the productivity of the country remains the same, the medium of exchange is much more plentiful. The effect of the steady diversion of wealth from expenditure on unproductive things (for bullets and battleships really are relatively unproductive) to expenditure on sorely needed things such as houses, forests, hospitals, food, education, and so on, would have no such effect.

No, Mr. “Rifleman,” there was a good deal of explosive behind this last shot of yours, but the shot itself was soft enough.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT BALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18, Holland Street,

Kensington, W.,

31 March 1914.

SIR,—I am collecting the letters of my father, the late Sir Robert Ball, LL.D., F.R.S., which I hope to publish together with his “Reminiscences”.

Possibly some of your numerous readers have preserved interesting letters from or relating to him. I should be very grateful for the loan of any such letters. If sent to me they will be carefully considered and returned with the least possible delay.

I am, etc.,

W. VALENTINE BALL.

REVIEWS.

SOCIAL FACTS AND STATISTICAL FALLACIES.

"Social Reform." By W. H. Mallock. Murray.
6s. net.

BY the compilation and publication of this book Mr. Mallock has laid under a heavy debt of obligation not only professional economists, professional politicians, and professional social reformers, but all who care for scientific truth. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Mallock's "Critical Examination of Socialism", and his more recent contributions to periodical literature, will be prepared for the main argument of this work. It would seem to be as follows. The case for Socialism, and in a lesser degree the demand for "social reform", rests upon crass ignorance of facts, upon misinterpretation of statistics, accurate in themselves, upon unwarranted inferences and false analogies. The first and indispensable condition for all who honestly desire to understand social and economic problems is an accurate knowledge of the facts; the second is the skill to interpret them aright. Both conditions are woefully lacking not merely to the multitude, but to those who aspire to guide and instruct them. Much of the hysterical rhetoric which pours in copious streams from platforms and, we regret to be compelled to add, from pulpits, is based upon a complete misapprehension of the facts. Nor is this misapprehension confined to Socialistic writers, speakers and preachers. It is shared by their opponents, who thus incur equal responsibility for the dissemination of false intelligence. There is, of course, a wide divergence between Socialists and Tory reformers as to the remedies to be applied; but the rival prescriptions are too frequently based upon an equally inaccurate diagnosis of the case.

It is, we take it, the primary purpose of Mr. Mallock's work to supply the true facts and to offer a clue to their solution. And that purpose, we may say at once, has been brilliantly and abundantly fulfilled. The work is obviously the fruit of a most laborious statistical investigation; but such an investigation would be comparatively valueless if the author were not able to bring to the interpretation of the facts which he discloses a keenly analytical mind and a highly trained intelligence.

We venture to think that Mr. Mallock would have deserved even better of his readers, especially the more serious students, if he had given more frequent references both to his own sources and to the works which are the objects of his incisive criticism. It is true that the sources are generally indicated in the text, and in other cases can often be identified by the expert; but we should hope that this book will be perused by many people who cannot claim to be experts, and who would none the less be glad to have precise references for further study and investigation. Our debt to Mr. Mallock is, however, so great already that it is almost ungracious to ask him to add to it.

What is the specific nature of this debt? To appreciate this it is important to recall the ordinary methods of the Socialist writer and still more of the Socialist orator.

He generally begins by contrasting the misery of these present times with a more or less imaginary picture of a happier past. The method is not new; it is most brilliantly exemplified by Rousseau, but it is common to social reformers in every age. But let the lack of novelty pass. Your Socialist next proceeds to show that such improvements as have taken place have been monopolised by the undeserving few, instead of being distributed among the deserving many. Despite, for example, an unprecedented increase in aggregate wealth during the last hundred years, the poor are no better off, nay, they are both absolutely and relatively worse off than they were a century ago. According to the disciples of Karl Marx all the increment has been, and under the existing organisation of

industry must necessarily be, absorbed by the sponge of capital; according to the disciples of Henry George it goes, with equally automatic certainty, into the pockets of the landlord.

These fallacies, both historical and logical, are ruthlessly exposed by Mr. Mallock. He seems to be at unnecessary pains to demonstrate that production for exchange, as opposed to production for use, existed before the so-called "capitalistic" age. The point which he makes is, of course, literally true, but it is none the less true that the problem of distribution, in its present acute form, is the product of the Industrial Revolution, and arises from that specialisation and differentiation of economic functions which formed one of the most characteristic features of the Revolution. Again, we find it difficult to follow Mr. Mallock's argument in favour of deducting the profits from foreign investments when comparing the proportion of profits with that of wages in the aggregate national dividend. (See pp. 82, 86, and 129.) But the failure to follow the argument may well be our own fault, and anyhow the point is a relatively small one. In the main Mr. Mallock's exposition seems to us extraordinarily lucid and his argument unassailable.

The primary idea or thesis from which all social reformers start is, in his view, this: that "all the social evils of to-day, as contrasted with those of yesterday, are due in the last resort to the ever-increasing proportion which is being taken from the income of the community in order that it may be added to the piled-up aggregations" of the super-wealthy. This thesis Mr. Mallock shows, with great statistical elaboration, to be a complete delusion. The average income of the "rich"—i.e., people with over £5,000 a year—is only about £2,000 a year more now than it was in 1801; the number of middle-class incomes—i.e., between £160 and £1,000 a year—has immensely increased, but the largest increase has taken place in the ranks of the well-paid manual workers. In 1801 only 10 per cent. of the adult male workers earned more than £60 a year; now only 20 per cent.—according to Mr. Mallock's computation—earn less. But perhaps the most striking computation reached by him is that the average income of the "poor"—i.e., persons under the income-tax limit—is to-day 50 per cent. higher (£30) than was the average income of the entire nation (£20) in the year 1801. So much, at any rate, has the capitalistic system achieved for the poor.

Why, then, the bitter resentment which unquestionably prevails? Apart from the dissemination by demagogues of false doctrines, Mr. Mallock attributes it mainly to the fact that the popular imagination is more struck by the ostentatious extravagance of a very small group of very rich people than by the existence of large wealth more equally distributed. And we believe that he is right. The riches of the rich relatively to the wealth of the nation are, as a fact, less in the aggregate now than they were a hundred years ago. But a few excessively wealthy individuals give an opposite, though delusive, impression.

We wish that space allowed us to quote some of the shrewd *obiter dicta* scattered throughout the book, and to give a fuller account of the main argument. Our readers, however, will be ill-advised if they do not read this remarkable book for themselves.

THE OPEN-AIR ENGLISHMAN.

"My Happy Hunting Grounds." By A. E. Gathorne Hardy. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

WHAT a relief to turn just now to the book of an English sportsman like Mr. Hardy! It is like coming out of a poisoned tunnel into the strong air and sunlight. Field sports are often snarled at. Sportsmen are charged with filching from the poor by setting aside forests for petted partridges to nest in; or country gentlemen, somebody sneers, to pay the insurance tax need but wire a few of their rabbits.

But the truth is nobody who knows about these things can deny that field sports like Mr. Gathorne Hardy's do turn out many Englishmen of the right kind for work at home and in the Colonies. They turn out Kipling's men, the true upkeepers of Empire. The long training of Englishmen in sports with hound, rod and gun has had much to do with giving England great Colonies, with winning battles on sea and land for the English race. The Battle of Waterloo may not have been won on the playing fields of Eton: it may not have been won by habits of sport and hardihood in our woods and fields; but it is certain that our prowess and our character have been largely affected—and on the whole distinctly for the good—by our national games and field sports—by the second perhaps still more than by the first.

There is an idea among some people—who unhappily have not the physique, or the taste, or the opportunity for these pursuits—that field sports tend to brutalise men. They fancy the sportsman is a "Philistine", or a "Barbarian", but much more than a "Barbarian" in the sense Matthew Arnold meant when long ago he broke a spear with the SATURDAY REVIEW. It is wholly a delusion—though sometimes quite an honest delusion. Field sports—shooting and hunting and angling—often go with refinement, with intellectual tastes, with scholarship. One need not quote Scott or Kingsley or Matthew Arnold to enforce this; countless instances of men who have cared for these excellent things and yet cared for field sports come to the mind.

Sport in England cannot be separated from a deep feeling, a passion even, for landscape. It is often steeped in the poetry of exquisite English scenery. Mr. Gathorne Hardy's chapters on trout-fishing in England breathe this spirit; and, unaffectedly, he breaks into poetry, Swinburne and Homer, in not a few of his chapters in telling us of the glories of some of his favourite hunting grounds. But if we wish to have English scenery as the angler knows it among the meadows and parks and commons of those south-country chalk-streams which Mr. Gathorne Hardy comes back to after many wanderings and ends up with, we must go, not to Swinburne or to Homer, but rather to Tennyson and to Arnold. The sense of abundant richness, flower and fragrance and verdure—and at the same time, always through the full spring and prime of summer, the impression of delicacy—which mark these landscapes he knows so well, are in Tennyson and Arnold perhaps as they are in no other poet. The old white dusted mill and dripping wheel, the trout and grayling brook, the thrush-haunted lawn, are there if in any books in our literature of landscape. Not a little of that typical English scenery is in "In Memoriam", magically. There we have "the large leaves of the sycamore" stirring in the dusk and fluctuating the still perfume, and (in "Thyrsis") the garden border as we have them nowhere else in our literature. Moreover, do you desire in poetry a picture of Donnington Priory—at least Donnington as the writer saw it years ago? If so, you shall find it in "The Palace of Art":

"And one, an English home, gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace".

Mr. Gathorne Hardy gives a glorious account of fishing with a floating sedge-fly in the summer dusk, he himself standing at the dining-room window and directing the angler where to put the fly over the great gunnera on the lawn—the stream is almost as near the house at Donnington Priory, on the Lambourne, as it is at Wherwell Priory, on the Test. The writer of this article has snatched the same fearful joy at another angling house on the Test. Not waiting for coffee, he has run out of the house after dinner in evening shoes, in the drenching dew, taken hastily his rod off the nails in the motor shed, and cast a fly on the stream just above the swirl and suck of the deep water at the hatch—where great trout make tiny rings on a late May or early June night just before dark. The whole place

has been dipped in the heavy scent of the hawthorn or, later in the summer, sometimes in that of conopsea, the fragrant orchid, and the water has gleamed in the dying light.

These English scenes and experiences—common to those who angle in the streams Mr. Gathorne Hardy knows so well—have a power, something like a spell, over one. Sport perhaps, even sport hazardous, and in untrod spots abroad, has scarcely a greater spell in any part of the world. That, of course, is one branch of field sport in England, the branch called dry-fly fishing, which means finesse and nicety and a great deal of not so much patience as persistence. There are many other branches, with rod and with gun and hound, and of some of these Mr. Gathorne Hardy has truly drunk delight with his peers—he has had his share! He has had a great deal bigger share than most of us, but it is a mean rancour that grudges a good sportsman his abundance of good days. There never can be sport for all—not in any Utopia which the reformers have imagined vaguely. But because the best in field sports is, of necessity, reserved for comparatively a few, it does not follow that the thing is bad and unfair. The same is true, and must obviously always be true, of all manner of things worth doing and of things worth holding. As for educated people who cannot see any merit, any value to the brain and body in field sport, one may liken them in backwardness, in narrowness, to field-sportsmen who cannot see any value in intellectual pursuits: these two detractors, indeed, seem to be quite on a par—both are philistines of a deep dye. English field sports, indeed, are a most important, powerful factor in our national life. They directly and indirectly affect a very large number of people, and the result of them is on the whole quite healthy. They make absolutely for the good of the country. They constantly invigorate and freshen character. To represent them as the worthless luxuries and time-killers of an idle class is the mark either of a base spirit or of an uninformed mind. It is reactionary to a degree. The people who err in this not through baseness but simple ignorance should read the books on shooting and angling by Mr. Sydney Buxton and Sir Edward Grey; they might finish off their education with this hearty, wholesome, joyous book by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who began sportsman with a bent pin and worm "at the age of five or thereabouts".

They will by then perhaps have learnt how the qualities of the keen and accomplished sportsman can go particularly well with a seeing eye for what is beautiful and curious in Nature, with a refined taste, with a true feeling for literature: in short, with the humanities.

D.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

"The Corner-Stone of Education." By Edward Lyttelton.
Putnam. 5s. net.

[Published this week.]

WHEN the small boy has been caught red-handed in an outrage upon property there are two things which he should be made to feel and a third which should follow for the sake of his moral education. Punishment must make him definitely aware of the existence of law, whilst parental displeasure must in a negative way teach him the meaning of love. Discipline tempered by an appeal to affection can do much, but not quite enough. The conventional form of winning obedience will fail in the long run simply because the crime and its consequence seem so remotely connected to the child who has begun to reason. All, indeed, may be in vain unless the stolen apples are providentially followed by their very proper result of internal pain. Assuming this to occur, however, a complete lesson will have been given. Greediness will have been reproved by a triple force. Law, love and wisdom will have been established as ruling powers from which escape is impossible.

It is not easy to sum up Dr. Lyttelton's views on the getting of good character in a few short phrases, but

this imaginary case of the small boy in the orchard gives a fair idea of the opinions which he expresses in his book. It was Francis Thompson who wrote that "in the school-satchel lie the keys of to-morrow", but the Headmaster of Eton goes further than this. His belief is that the foundations of character are almost always laid at home. School, to him, seems the place where they can be given their first trial rather than anything else, and his book is an appeal for parental responsibility. Quite simply he asks fathers and mothers to use the three forces of law, love and wisdom, and of these he sees, we fancy, that the third is the rarest and the hardest to prove in concrete manner. Behind all this is his immense faith in the influence of religious training. His ideal is ascetic, and his great experience gives great weight to what he writes on this matter, though it must occur to some that there are other ideals—notably the æsthetic—which he ignores too carelessly. Many children, surely, attach more importance to the words "It is not right" if to them is added the suggestion that "It is not pretty".

But the chief difficulty in Dr. Lyttelton's scheme of first steps in moral education is its demands for full reformation of those whose characters may be taken to be already formed. To put the matter briefly, he would have parents educate themselves on drastic lines. "Who", he writes, "can measure the harm done at home by the elders reviling the weather?" We follow much of the author's high thinking without daring a criticism, but here he makes us stop for breath. A new England, if not a new Heaven and a new Earth, would, we fear, be needed before general and cheerful acceptance of a "summer's fate of rain". In presenting the ascetic ideal there is always the danger that it will frighten the public, and we can well imagine that at this stage of the argument not a few parents will refuse to go further, and cry that such discipline of self can only be undertaken by those to whom the training of the young is a profession. Elsewhere the Headmaster of Eton writes that it is a mistake to suppose schoolmasters are not as other men, with the average of faults and failings. Will not fathers and mothers plead that they, too, must have the like indulgence? In such talk the danger is that the child will become a mere shuttlecock in a game of evasions. Dr. Lyttelton, it is certain, will be victorious in argument, for he has clear logic at command, but how will it help the little victims of their play?

SPOILING THE CHILD.

"Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook." By Maria Montessori. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

INEXPERT comment on the Montessori system of education is based on vague knowledge that it respects the individuality of the child, treats it courteously as a human being, turns lessons into games, and spares the rod. Undoubtedly (compare Dr. Rouse's school at Cambridge) theories of individualism and development are in the air; and the majority of people now are glad the pendulum has swung from the extreme at which the "saintly John Wesley" postulated the "breaking of the spirit of the child". At the same time they insist that the pendulum shall not swing too far. The old-fashioned hardening treatment, modified perhaps by the "less severe spirit of the day", is usually accepted as sound on the whole. The Montessori method is suspected as verging to the extreme.

Yet on a first glance at this handbook an English mother may take an opposite line and declare that, after all, it contains nothing particularly wonderful or new. Most nurses realise in the light of nature that a child is imitative, that example is better for it than precept; most homes contain boxes of bricks and detachable letters and strings of marbles for counting, for most parents realise that a child learns most easily through its senses of touch and vision. To rank as a woman of genius the author of a system in its essentials so obvious will seem to the average mother a little

excessive, yet that it is not quite obvious—that it has a shade of something, in her eyes, not quite to be trusted—will probably be shown by the opposition of this average mother to certain of its provisions. The common nursery, with its self-service and self-government; the reduction of the didactic element to its minimum; the occasional imposition of absolute silence for the "refinement of the sense of hearing"; the importance attached to the order in which the child shall handle its bricks and cubes, etc.; the belief in clarifying the child's impressions at each stage, in developing the sense of definition; these will seem faddy, "philosophic", to the foolish. She will pant both for the repressive, external method of "Do it now or I shall slap you", and, too, for something a bit more "natural".

Madame Montessori, like Shylock, stands for law, and there is something strangely antagonistic to law in our highly legal English natures. The old-fashioned educationist who drills lessons into the child and turns him out in type has realised the law that man is a social being; the liberationist who would have him grow free and undirected has realised that a human being is an individual. Madame Montessori has realised that the law behind all human nature is a dual one: that the child as child is subject to generic laws, as individual to its own; and that individuality can only have full play in a smoothly working society. Of her nursery she says, "One disturber is enough to take away the charm". That disturber does not exist when, supplementarily, each child is working out its law in peace. And what is the law of a child? This handbook, small among the Montessori writings, does not deal much with the child as individual; perhaps, very young, the child's need is chiefly generic. It needs to grow as an indispensable preliminary to individuality; individuality is the object and end of growth. It has to work; "it must in a short time adapt itself to a world". Madame Montessori's aim is, by obeying the laws of growth, to "facilitate that inner work", to oppose the action of chance which will, in our artificial conditions, send the child the most difficult road at the cost of exhaustion or waste. System is organised common-sense. By a lifelong process of study and experiment Madame Montessori has been enabled to organise the common-sense of multitudes of women. These, in self-help, should study a system which shows the road of least resistance—which, in fact, is based on law, is in harmony with nature. If, in any instance, they can get nearer to nature than she has got, the world will benefit; but it will not be by hostility to science, nor by laziness, nor by falling back on their own little partial predilections.

FEAR.

"Where No Fear Was." By A. C. Benson. Smith, Elder. 6s.

[Published this week.]

FEAR is a terrible subject, and this book very terribly opens at a page of the "Pilgrim's Progress". "'An ugly thing, Child, an ugly thing', said she. 'But, Mother, what is it like?' said he. 'Tis like I cannot tell what', said she. And now it was but a little way off. Then said she, 'It is nigh'."

But this book of Mr. Benson's is not a terrible book. It seems as if Mr. Benson had taken this theme to make us feel how soothing and pleasant are comfortable words. He talks of fear; and fear departs. Montaigne was content to sleep on a pillow of doubt; but Mr. Benson can sleep on a pillow of fear. The fears of childhood, of boyhood, of youth, of middle-age and of old pass softly through these pages, and one by one are laid to rest in the cradle of Mr. Benson's gently rocking cadences.

The idea on which we fasten in this book, a leading motive recurring in many shapes and places, is the undoubted truth that our worst fears are a blind and instinctive inheritance. They live on in civilised men after they have ceased to be justified by the conditions and tenor of their lives. They are the nerves of a

hunted animal which thrill to-night in the dark when the child or even the man is startled by a dream or a call not understood. They are the vigilant suspicions of a million years of the great human adventure which still prompt man to suspect his prosperity, to forebode in the sunshine, to smell disaster in signs and omens. The fears of a child in the dark are not justified by reason, nor are the bulk of men's fears. Nervousness is never reasonable. It goes back beyond conscious reason. Fear thrives upon an instinctive mistrust. There must have been a period when men lived almost alone by virtue of this mistrust. Before they had the tools to subdue Nature they had to live by mistrusting and avoiding her teeth and claws.

Fear, rooted in instinct, still avoids the reason. It lives to-day in the imagination; and may grow there unreasonably to a giant. Mr. Benson unfolds in these pages a world of secret and self-inflicted suffering, little foolish and groundless terrors, timid anxieties and depressions of spirit which a few intelligent words would turn into trifles light as air. Fears are like the witches of Macbeth:

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them".

Mr. Benson recalls the story of Hans Andersen caught writing with a hand over his left eye. He had, shamefaced, to explain he was practising to write with one eye only. Why? He had found that morning a small pimple under the left eyebrow, and in five minutes he had decided he would be blind of one eye in a fortnight. Andersen was morbidly hypochondriac; but the hypochondriac, in mind and heart and body, lurks somewhere in all people, waiting for depression to suggest an unreasonable fear made of nothing. Morbid little fears, bordering upon the dreadful madness technically called "persecution mania", do not trouble the normal and healthy; but their study helps to find the weak places of our mental armour. The wisest of men have suffered from ungrounded fears—even so sensible and robust an Englishman as Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Benson has tracked down the fears of all ages and kinds of men, putting them to rest with good sense, making them vanish in the serenity of his pages.

TOYING WITH SOCIALISM.

"Property: Its Duties and Rights." Essays by various Writers. Introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. Macmillan. 5s. net.

THE oldest controversies of history and philosophy are always changing in aspect and becoming the most modern. We have here a band of seven theologians and metaphysical or ethical philosophers, and professors of sociology, each influenced by present-day Socialism. They are all groping for an answer to questions as to State rights and individual property rights which have been problems at least since Plato. The earliest communistic scheme was Plato's. Aristotle followed with a demonstration of the advantages to the State of private property. He had the easier thesis, for the actual facts of conquest, and the determination of every man to hold what he has got, makes us all—socialists every whit as much as individualists—Aristotelian, though we may know nothing of his philosophy.

The prevalent theory of the Christian Fathers, after the earliest Christian Communism of the schoolmen and the Mediæval Church, was that private property became necessary through the Fall, and the ensuing wickedness and avarice of man's nature. The inference from this ought to be that individual property will hold its own until human wickedness and avarice are ended by Christianity.

Though five of these eight essayists are Reverends and theologians, they do not seem to have any use for this doctrine of the Fall; but they have the same hard facts to face as the Christian Fathers, and their conclusions are not very much different. In the Christianised empire under Constantine the Church did not

altogether lose its original ideal, but it found a promiscuous world too much for it. It developed the doctrine of charity as a compromise, and there is a dispute whether or not this implied a duty based on a claim of justice by the less fortunate. In his book on "Conservatism" Lord Hugh Cecil holds that the relief of the poor was not originally founded on any supposed right of justice. Dr. Gore, and some others of these essayists, draw a different conclusion from the Church's teaching.

The ownership of property, anyhow, continued to be under Christianity essentially what it had been under Paganism, the compulsion of a similar social and political necessity acting on both. Monasticism was the only experiment in Socialism or Communism which had any chance. With Protestantism ideas as to the rights of property became, if anything, stricter. Yet it is an interesting fact that the Romish Church dislikes modern Socialism very positively; whilst there are sections of other Churches which claim to be nearer the original Christian tradition by their sympathies with it. Almost every essay in this book and Dr. Gore's Introduction may be cited in evidence.

Dr. Gore was asked by Dr. Bartlet, of Mansfield College, Oxford, to help to distribute popular literature on the rights and duties of property; but he thought that first some philosophic treatment of property in idea and history was necessary. The result seems to be that the writers are too socialistic in theory to be individualists, and too convinced of the excellence of individualism in practice to be socialists here and now. If it were not utterly impossible to devise any socialistic scheme which would preserve all the virtues of private property with none of its defects, they would be ready to be socialists. This rather takes them out of the openly dangerous classes of socialists, but the propaganda is insidious. The ultimate philosophical principle for which Dr. Gore was waiting turns out to be the right of the State to maintain or abolish private property. Dr. Hastings Rashdall puts it that the existing system loses its justification the moment it is shown that it can be improved. Locke's theory was one of natural right prior to the right of the State. The Christian theory was one of a stewardship held from God, with consequent obligations of benevolence and charity in the administration of property. The ordinary theory is the admission of the State's right to limit the powers inherent in the holding of property in cases where they tend to become obstructive to general State purposes. But the straightforward, resolute socialists, determined to place all the control of production in the hands of the State, need ask for no more admissions than those made by Dr. Rashdall and his friends.

The note that distinguishes them from avowed socialists is the recognition of certain merits of private ownership which they are not sure could be preserved under Socialism. They are anxious for liberty, the claims of personality and the human life which property secures, the stimulus to initiative arising from personal interest. Recognising such difficulties prevents them from being revolutionary socialists and from believing that a simple, ready-made solution can be found. "Without being able at this moment", says Mr. A. D. Lindsay, "completely to work out a better system, we may be able to see the direction in which development is desirable; the system will be tolerable only if the possessors of property act as the good sovereign of earlier times acted—as though, that is, they were under obligations which the law is not yet able or does not think it convenient to enforce".

This Socialism of the chair and of professors is not very terrific. Professional philosophers must speculate; but nobody would be more alarmed than themselves if they thought their speculations were to be put into practice. Besides, they attack the theories of greater philosophers than themselves; and it would be quite easy to assemble another contemporary group equally eminent to write against them. The chief danger seems to be of their dissertations becoming the basis of Dr. Gore's "popular literature", which may leave out the qualifications, and doubts, and hesitations of these essays that in some aspects rather give them the air of a defence of private property.

NOVELS.

"Full Swing." By Frank Danby. Cassell. 6s.*(Published this Week.)*

FRANK DANBY has mellowed with years. From her early novels, with their crude glaring realism and flouting of conventionality, to this latest book, with its clear-cut, finished workmanship, one can trace the signs of a real progress. And she has lost none of her fire and force. There is the same breadth of canvas, audacity of theme and phrase, that marked her earlier books, but withal a firmer handling, a wider outlook, a clearer understanding of life and human nature. To her strength and fearlessness has been added the motive of pity. Her sympathies have broadened, her asperities have been toned down. "Full Swing" is undoubtedly the best novel she has yet written. It is a convincing character-study of a well-meaning woman who on account of faults of temperament makes a terrible mess not only of her own life, but of the affairs of those who are near and dear to her. The chief thing that was wrong with Agatha Marley was that she had a conscience many sizes too large for her. This caused her always to resist the easy, obvious course in life and to choose the difficult, thorny path for herself and for others. Added to this, she was intensely proud, self-conscious, and shy—altogether one of those "difficult" people who, placed in a position of responsibility, seems doomed to do the wrong thing. And in spite of failure after failure she continued to do the wrong thing with obstinate persistency all through her life. As a child at Marley she persuaded herself that what her father's priceless orchid required to bring it to perfection was fresh air. So with the passion for being useful, she escaped from her nursery in the night and threw the door of the conservatory open to the cold and killed the orchid. In later life she refused to marry the man who loved her because she conceived it her duty to look after the family estate. Frank Danby has given a life-like portrait of a complex individuality.

"Monksbridge." By John Ayscough. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Mr. John Ayscough has written a lively and amusing novel. He has a direct and forcible style, and does not attempt the flowery or picturesque. His book is a well-observed study of contemporary manners. It is a pleasant social satire—a chronicle of the small things of country life. The story is concerned with the fortunes of the Aubérons—a family consisting of Mrs. Auberon, a clergyman's widow, and her three children, Sylvia, Marjorie, and Peter, who at the time the tale opens are living in straitened circumstances in a Midland town. By the death of a relative, Sir Stapleton Drumm, they become owners of Cross Place, Monksbridge—a small county estate, with some four hundred a year to keep it up. Through the genius and beauty of Sylvia, a girl of eighteen, they achieve great social success, not only taking local society by storm, but becoming intimate with all the great people of their own and the adjoining counties. Monksbridge was a very old and very staid town in the opulent county of Rentshire, "with a singularly large proportion of houses that looked as if they defied any but gentry to live in them". It stood on the Welsh border, and on the other side of the river that cuts through the town lay Llanthamy. Between Monksbridge and Llanthamy strong feeling existed, for the leading light of Monksbridge was Mr. de Braose (pronounced Brooze), of Monkspark—one of an ancient lineage of squires, while over the river, at Llanthamy Castle, dwelt Lord Monksbridge, an upstart of enormous wealth and Lord Lieutenant of his county. Very wittily and skilfully does Mr. Ayscough depict the conditions existing when the Aubérons came into residence. He tells how the squires in Rentshire are so great that they disdain baronets, until, as sometimes happen, they become baronets themselves; even then they merely acquiesce in their new condition as a temporary measure—a brief pause on the way to a peerage.

Sylvia Auberon, with unerring social instinct, steers herself and family through the tangled maze of local jealousies. The management of affairs has early been surrendered by the still charming, but rather weak, Mrs. Auberon into her daughter's hands, and she is content to see everything through Sylvia's eyes. The portrayal of Sylvia, on whom Mr. Ayscough has spent considerable pains, is quite a triumph. She is intensely alive. Worldly and heartless, serenely satisfied with herself and her breeding, she is in reality an under-bred little snob of a type that undoubtedly exists. She knows how to make herself fascinating to the right people, but to the wrong people, or to those who attempt to patronise her or stand in her way, she exhibits the most cattish qualities. She soon makes up her mind that her mission in life is to marry Lord Monksbridge's only son, not because he is rich and has a title, but because, as she points out to him, it is in her power, on account of her own birth and exquisite breeding, to redeem the Monksbridge money from vulgarity and the Monksbridge title from absurdity. Sylvia as an arbiter of manners and fashion would be more convincing but for her unfortunate habit of always speaking of men as "gentlemen". And we have to take her "charm" for granted, for, although the author tells us she possesses it, he seems bent at times on revealing to us the intrinsic meanness and shabbiness of her soul. However, all goes well with her and her family. Sylvia supplies her mother with a bishop for husband, and also finds a suitable mate for her twin sister, and the curtain closes on the spectacle of the snob triumphant.

There are some deft character portraits, such as that of the "genteel" Miss Belvoir, whose father had been a vicar, and only missed being an archdeacon by becoming an angel at a premature and inopportune moment. Then there is Mr. Auld-Baillie, M.P., an immaculate young man, whose whole energies were given up to the abolition of convents. He dreamed of nuns, not indiscreetly, but simply of the whippings and starvings they were receiving at the hands of abbesses, and he was never so happy as when organising meetings, where the horrors of convents could be luridly described. Good, too, are the Bishop of Lowminster and his daughter, Miss Garboyle, who used to make a "kissiboo" out of red and white duster-cloth for some little African boys she would never see.

"A Lady of Leisure." By Ethel Sidgwick. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

Miss Sidgwick is in danger of falling a victim to a passion for overpolish. She is a little too elaborate in her methods, which tend to become monotonous. She neutralises her undoubted talent by her inability to let herself go—to be quite natural, simple and direct. She can write extremely well, and she has a sense of character. Her new novel is described as a "romance of youth", and is dedicated to her mother. It has some good material in it, and is admirably true to life; but owing to Miss Sidgwick's horror of over-emphasis and distrust of emotion, the story falls rather flat and some parts of it border on dullness. The scene is at Glasswell Rectory, in that lovely piece of country especially associated with the memory of Charles Dickens, where we are introduced to the rector, Arthur Gibbs, just as he has taken to himself a second wife, seven years after the decease of the first and in compliance with her farewell instructions. She had bestowed two daughters upon her husband, and the second Mrs. Gibbs brings a grown-up son with her, who might have been expected to appropriate one of them. But he falls in love with a girl named Violet Ashwin, indirectly related to the rector, as it appears, through his former marriage. Violet Ashwin is the most vivid character in the book. The daughter of a physician, she finds her conventional life tedious, and seeks emancipation by going into partnership with a dressmaker at Battersea. This part of the story is undoubtedly the best, and the life in Battersea is particularly well described. But Miss Sidgwick has it in her to do better work when she has shaken herself free from the shackles of self-consciousness.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Life and Human Nature." By Sir Bampfylde Fuller, K.C.S.I. Murray. 9s. net.

Sir Bampfylde is magnificently comprehensive in his title; and the title fulfills its promise. Into this book the author has put his philosophy, his experience of people, his readings in science and history, his own hard thinking. Life from its amorphous beginnings is followed in its endless variety to its latest expression in the modern political and economic problems of to-day. The originality of this book—and it is very original—lies less in the facts set down or explored than in their arrangement. Here we have an expression, systematic and orderly, of Sir Bampfylde Fuller's intellectual attitude towards life and towards many problems raised by the scientific natural history of man. The author is not a specialist. His mind is the wider for that. His book is valuable as a synthetic achievement. It is full of ideas and suggestions for knitting into consistency our knowledge of the world.

"Men and Women of the Italian Reformation." By Christopher Hare. 12s. 6d. net. Stanley Paul and Co.

The title of Mr. Christopher Hare's new book of Italian Studies will surprise the ordinary reader who has never heard of an Italian Reformation. Nor, in truth, was there a Reformation in Italy in the sense in which we apply the term to the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century in Transalpine States. It appears from this volume that the movement in Italy was intellectual rather than popular, and would probably have produced no lasting effect, even if it had been allowed to run its own course. It was, however, ruthlessly crushed by Popes Paul IV. and Pius V., although the former, as Giampetro Caraffa, had in his earlier days dallied with the heretical doctrines. Largely the movement centred in the Court of Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, the daughter of Louis XII. of France, who, in defiance of her husband, gave sanctuary to many of the adherents of the new faith. But the iron hand of the newly established Inquisition pressed heavily upon the Reformers. One by one they were put to death or driven into exile, until finally, at the trial of Carnesecchi, one comprehensive verdict of heresy convicted alike the living and the dead! In this connection it is interesting to learn that, through the acquisitiveness of Napoleon, Trinity College, Dublin, now possesses the original records of the trial—surely one of the most intimate documents of the Vatican. Mr. Hare has drawn a vivid portrait of the unfortunate Renée, but with his other characters he has been less successful. The Reformers were a small and closely connected circle of friends, and therefore the author has been forced to make use of cross references to an extent which can hardly fail to bewilder the reader and detract from the literary merit of the book.

"From the Thames to the Netherlands." By Charles Pears. Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

This is the record of some pleasant wanderings made by a man and a boy—the author and his son—in a cutter of seven tons. Starting from Greenhithe, they went sailing across the North Sea, about the waterways of Zealand, and down the Belgian coast to Dunkerque. The pair seem to have enjoyed themselves hugely, and at least some of their pleasure is handed on to their readers, for Mr. Pears writes lightly and brightly, and has a sharp wit, full powers of observation, and some imagination as well. It is true that he has nothing wonderful to chronicle, but, on the other hand, he chose to touch at places which the average Englishman knows only by name, and contented himself with watching Ostend in the distance. Making an unpretentious voyage and delighting in every detail of it, no wonder he at times calls our attention to trifles which can have no savour save in personal experience, but the book as a whole is far from wearisome, and it may make many wish to follow his example in simple travel. The volume has several sketches of merit, both in black and white and in colour, and Mr. Pears is, perhaps, even more entertaining as an artist than as a writer.

"Our Task in India." By Bernard Lucas. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bernard Lucas, after a quarter of a century's work in India, now gives his views as to Christian missions. The Church, in regard to its mission to India, has to choose between what may be described as Proselytism and Evangelism. Is the Church to regard its missionary enterprise in India as the proselytising of Hindus or the evangelisation of India? Mr. Lucas makes a vigorous plea for evangelisation. What is wanted in the missionary is a sympathetic apprehension and understanding of Hinduism, such as will shape his method of approach and the character of his ministry. The attitude of the Indian Church to the ordinary Hindu is not that of an indigenous, but of an exotic and distinctly foreign, Church. If the Indian Church is to be one in which the religious Hindu can feel at home it must stand for Indian and not Western modes of thought and feeling.

THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

Events have succeeded each other so rapidly since the Ides of March that many of the articles on the Ulster question in the April reviews—written, as they had to be, about a fortnight ago—seem already out of date. One good effect of this, however, is to force one to realise how much the situation has changed in that short space. In the *Nineteenth Century* two important papers—by Sir Henry Blake and Professor Dicey—deal mainly with the policy of exclusion: "this wretched and makeshift contrivance which pretends to be a permanent settlement". On the other hand Mr. W. S. Lilly contributes an imaginary dialogue, in which so-called Home Rule is looked upon as a Nemesis—a Nemesis for the crimes of the people—a Nemesis from which there can be no escape, even if it involve the dismemberment of the British Empire and the fall of our country for a time, perhaps for ever, from her high estate. Apart from these, the most striking article in the "*Nineteenth*" is Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's discussion of "The Nature and Conditions of Peace". Mr. Wilkinson points out that the condition of human life, for the State as for the individual, involves the perpetual possibility of a choice between the sacrifice of life and the sacrifice of what makes life worth living; from which it follows that peace cannot rationally be the object of policy. It is too often forgotten that growth, in any direction, is a fact that is not amenable to codes or systems, as the forces which cause it are incalculable and immeasurable.

In the *Fortnightly Review* the political situation is discussed by "Philaethes", but more important is the candid examination by "Custos" of the attitude which should be adopted by the Unionist Party towards the Navy and Army Estimates. Mr. J. Ellis Barker lays stress on the importance to European politics of the relations between Russia and Germany, and directs attention to several features of the position—e.g., the effect of the attitude of Poland—which are often lost sight of. President Wilson's extension of the Monroe doctrine is subjected to severe criticism by Mr. R. J. MacHugh, the war correspondent, who holds that the deliberate aim and object of the "dollar policy", as the new interpretation is called on the other side of the Atlantic, is to secure the South American continent as a field for exploitation solely by the United States, to the exclusion of the European nations, who have hitherto furnished capital and energy for the development of its great natural wealth. Mr. Daniel Gorrie publishes some very interesting letters from Carlyle to a fellow student, John Fergusson, who assisted Edward Irving in his school at Kirkcaldy at the same time that Carlyle was schoolmaster there.

By far the most important article in the *National Review* is that on "The True Doctrine of National Defence", in which Earl Percy insists on the necessity for this country of an Army capable of affecting the issue on the Continent in the event of a European war. He points out that in every war fought between an island Power and a continental enemy it has been found necessary for the islanders to defeat their enemy on his own ground. Therefore, both a navy and an army are indispensable to gain a victory; but it is the army which strikes the decisive blow, and it is the navy which enables it to strike it, first by defeating the enemy at sea and blockading him in his harbours and then by keeping the sea open for the reinforcements, supplies, and other requirements of the army. Sir Edward Cook has an interesting paper on "The Art of Biography", and in the "Episodes of the Month" Mr. Maxse gives a full account of the Army crisis, with his usual vigorous comment.

Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett's article on "The Fortunes of Home Rule and Ulster" in the *Contemporary Review* shows only too clearly the early date at which it was written. It upholds the provisions of the Bill in temperate fashion, and is evidently animated by a real belief in a genuine reconciliation after the six years of exclusion—though the writer himself would like to see the time-limit done away with. Mr. H. J. Poutsma, one of the nine Labour Leaders deported from South Africa, gives his version of the occurrences which led up to the coup, and accuses Mr. Smuts of having banished him for no other reason than that he was his political opponent. Other articles worthy of attention are Mr. A. MacCallum Scott's exposition of the ideas of the "Suicide Club"; an appreciation of the character and influence of the work of the late Dr. Driver, by the Rev. Dr. G. Buchanan Gray; and Mr. Lewis R. Freeman's description of the present-day economic conditions of the Dutch East Indies.

In the *British Review* the policy of exclusion is vigorously condemned by Lord Dunraven, to whom "the time limit is a fraud" and "the partition of Ireland abhorrent". "The exclusion scheme", he concludes, "is a futile attempt to escape from a question of immediate difficulty by creating one of greater difficulties in the near future." A long article, in French, by M. Paul Parsy, gives a good idea of the French political groups and tendencies as they are now on the eve of the general elections, which take place on April 26; and "Things as seen by a sailor" contains many unpalatable truths which the nation with the greatest mercantile marine in the world is content to ignore.

The *Cornhill* opens with a poem by the Poet Laureate and closes with a hitherto unpublished one by Robert Browning. Between these poles lies the varied excellence which is expected of the magazine. Mr. Frederic Harrison deserts controversy to pay a well-deserved tribute to the charms of Bath: "a real—almost the only Garden City". What other English city has at its gates such a bit of Italy as Prior Park? Some leaves from the notebooks of "Lance Falconer" give a vivid impression of the fine mind of Miss Hawker, and there is a pleasant character sketch of an Irish "ginal man" by the Hon. Alexis Roche. Very appropriately, too, Sir Henry Lucy's apparently inexhaustible reminiscences deal with the first Home Rule Bill.

The most vigorous thing in *Blackwood* is the comment in "Musings without Method" on the complacency of England in regard to the murder of Mr. Benton in Mexico and on the new interpretation of the Monroe doctrine which it has brought to light. Lord Palmerston's attitude, sixty years ago, in the case of Don Pacifico is recalled in pleasant contrast to the supineness of the present Government. Professor Oman contributes a sketch of Arthur Thistlewood, the inspirer of the Cato Street conspiracy, and Mr. Douglas G. Browne has put together the first really authentic and connected account of the wonderful story of the wreck of H.M.S. *Tyger* on the Dry Tortugas in 1741. There is a short story by Mr. John Buchan, and Mr. Neil Munro's novel, "The New Road", is nearing its end.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

- Pittura Scultura Futuriste (Boccioni). Milan: Edizioni Futuriste di "Poesia." 4 lire.
 Outlines. A Book of Drawings (Ernest H. R. Collings). Published by the Artist at 24, Gorst Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W. 3s. 6d. net.
 Chats on Old Copper and Brass (Fred. W. Burgess). Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

- An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen (Martin Haile). Pitman. 16s. net.

FICTION.

- The Rebellion of Esther (Margaret Legge). Alston Rivers. 6s.
 Meriel's Career (Mary B. Whiting); A Little Radiant Girl (Katherine Tynan). Blackie. 6s. each.
 Kicks and Ha'pence (Henry Stace), 6s.; The House of Pride and other Tales of Hawaii (Jack London), 1s. net. Mills and Boon.
 Full Swing (Frank Danby). Cassell. 6s.
 Cinderella's Sisters (Florence Scannell). Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.
 Dodo the Second (E. F. Benson). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
 The Good Shepherd (John Roland); Looking for Trouble (F. Harris Deans). Blackwood. 6s. each.
 The Trend (William Arkwright). Lane. 6s.
 Tania (Meriel Buchanan). Jenkins. 6s.
 A Daughter of Debate (Mrs. Ambrose Harding). Werner Laurie. 6s.
 James (W. Dane Bank). Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.
 The Price Paid (Effie Adelaide Rowlands). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

HISTORY AND ARCHEOLOGY.

- The Eastern Libyans: an Essay (Orie Bates). Macmillan. 42s. net.
 Chronica Johannis de Reading et Anonymi Cantuariensis, 1346-1367 (Edited with Introduction and Notes by James Tait). Manchester: At the University Press. 10s. 6d. net.
 History of the Royal Irish Rifles (Lieut.-Colonel George Brenton Laurie). Gale and Polden. 30s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- The Cambridge British Flora (C. E. Moss), Vol. II. Cambridge University Press. 50s. net.
 Animal Life by the Sea-Shore (G. A. and C. L. Boulenger). "Country Life." 5s. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

- A Stevenson Bibliography (J. Herbert Slater). Bell. 2s. 6d. net.
 Stock Exchanges (London and Provincial) Ten Year Record of Prices and Dividends, 1904 to 1913. 10s. net; Twenty Years' Railway Statistics, 1894 to 1914. 1s. net. Mathieson.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

- The Mutiny of the "Bounty" (Sir John Barrow). Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
 Campion's Ten Reasons (The Original Latin Text, with a translation by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.). Herder. 1s. net.
 The Doctor's Dilemma (Bernard Shaw). Constable. 6d.
 The Fire of Love and The Mending of Life (Richard Rolle). Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.
 Labour in Irish History (James Connolly). Maunsell. 1s. net.
 La Cagnotte et autres Comédies (Eugène Labiche); Théâtre Choisi (Corneille), Vol. I. Nelson. 1s. net each.
 A Library of English Prose (Edited by W. H. D. Rouse)—Companions of Columbus (Washington Irving); England in the

Sixteenth Century (Raphael Holinshed); The English Mail Coach (Thomas de Quincey). Blackie. 10d. each.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

- The Shorter Aeneid (Selected and Arranged with Brief Notes by H. H. Hardy), 2s. 6d.; Three Sermons on Human Nature (Joseph Butler), 1s. 6d.; Demonstrations on Infant Care for Elder Girls (Mrs. Kate Truelove); Differential Partnership: a Book of Easy French Conversation (Norman MacMunn), 2 Parts; 8d. each. Bell.
 Blackie's New Systematic English Readers—Second Reader, 1s.; Third Reader, 1s. 2d.; Britain and Her Neighbours—Book I.: Tales from Far and Near, 10d.; Book II.: Tales of Long Ago, 1s.; Iron and Its Workers (William J. Claxton); Africa (Lewis Marsh). 9d. each. Blackie.
 Junior Regional Geography—Asia (J. B. Reynolds). Black. 1s. 4d.
 The School and College Atlas. Bacon. 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

- The Mission of Christ and the Title Deeds of Christianity (R. B. Girdlestone). Robert Scott. 3s. 6d. net.
 Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters (The Rev. T. R. Cheyne). Black. 5s. net.
 A Letter to Asia: Being a Paraphrase and Brief Exposition of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Believers at Colossae (Frederick Brooke Westcott). Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

- Ecuador (C. Reginald Enoch). Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
 How to See the Vatican (Douglas Sladen). Kegan, Paul. 6s. net.
 The New Tripoli and what I saw in the Hinterland (Ethel Braun). Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
 Warwickshire (J. Charles Cox). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.
 Greece of the Hellenes (Lucy M. J. Garnett). Pitman. 6s. net.
 Hannibal Once More (Douglas W. Freshfield). Arnold. 5s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

- The Reverberate Hills (Edwin Oppenheim). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
 The Revolutionist: A Play in Five Acts (Terence J. MacSwiney), 2s. 6d. net; Rope Enough: A Play in Three Acts (Conal O'Riordan), 2s. net; The Bribe: A Play in Three Acts (Seumas O'Kelly), 1s. net. Maunsell.
 Creation: Post-Impressionist Poems (Horace Holley). Fifeild. 1s. net.
 The Flash-Point: A Play in Three Acts (Mrs. Scott-Maxwell), 1s. 6d. net; Over the Hills: A Comedy in One Act (John Palmer), 6d. net. Sidgwick and Jackson.
 Wind on the Wold (Alexander G. Steven). Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.
 My Friend is Dead (Emery Pottle). Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Ancient Irish Epic Tale, The: Táin bó Cúalnge (Joseph Dunn). Nutt. 25s. net.
 Canadian Addresses (The Hon. George E. Foster). Jenkins. 5s. net.
 Corner-Stone of Education, The: An Essay on the Home Training of Children (Edward Lyttelton). Putnams. 5s. net.
 Customary Acres and Their Historical Importance (Frederic Seebohm). Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.
 Dramatic Actualities (W. L. George). Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.
 Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook (Maria Montessori). Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.
 First Principles of Tactics and Organisation for Officers and N.C.O.'s (Captain J. L. Sleeman). Gale and Polden. 2s. 6d. net.
 Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions (Morris Jastrow). Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
 Highway to Happiness, The (Richard Le Gallienne). Werner Laurie. 6s. net.
 Land, The: The Report of the Land Enquiry Committee, Vol. II. Urban. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.
 On Money and Other Essays (G. S. Street). Constable. 4s. 6d. net.
 Red Rose Pamphlet No. 5.—The Body Without a Soul. Street. 1s. net.
 Renaissance of the Greek Ideal, The (Diana Watts). Heinemann. 21s. net.
 Shakespeare's Dramen und sein Schauspielerberuf (Johs. E. Schmidt). Berlin: Hoffmann. 5m.
 Unpopular Government in the United States (Albert M. Kales). Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.
 Zang Tumb Tuuum: Adrianopoli, Ottobre 1912 (F. T. Marinetti). Milan: Edizioni Futuriste di "Poesia." 3 lire.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR APRIL:—The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d. net; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; The British Review, 1s. net; Book-Prices Current, 4s. net; Harper's Monthly Magazine, 1s.; The Round Table, 2s. 6d.; The East and The West, 1s. net; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; The Hibbert Journal, 2s. 6d. net; Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, 2s. 6d.; The Champion, 3d. net; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.; The Constructive Quarterly 3s. net; The Antiquary, 6d.; The Financial Review of Reviews, 1s. net; The World's Work, 1s. net; The Church Quarterly Review, 3s.; The Asiatic Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Army Review, 1s.; Revue de Deux Mondes, 3 fr.; The Eugenics Review, 1s. net; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society, 5s.; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net; The English Review, 1s. net; The Journal of the Imperial Arts League, 6d.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

	Highest.	Lowest.
Consols	76½	75½
Day-to-day Loans	2½%	1½%
3 Months' Bank Bills	1½%	1½%
Jan. 29, 1914.	Oct. 17, 1912.	
Bank Rate ... 3 per cent.	5 per cent.	

General Settlement April 8.

Consols Settlement May 6.

DESPITE the extreme uncertainty which pervades the political situation, the Stock Exchange has professed to see something less acute in the Ulster crisis during the past few days. Politics have dominated the position of the market for such a long time that it is difficult to regard any other factor as being at the moment of primary consequence, so that the unexpected improvement in market securities experienced during the week must be attributed chiefly to a more hopeful outlook, though doubtless monetary considerations are also at the root of the better tendency.

The Imperial Bank of Russia has reduced its rates of discount by one-half per cent. during the week, and this has had the effect of imparting a much more confident feeling to the Paris Bourse. Another important factor which will have the effect of removing a good deal of market apprehension is the attention being paid to the financial requirements of Brazil. The £20,000,000 Brazilian Government loan is not likely to make its appearance for some time yet, but a small loan has been raised by French houses for Brazil's immediate requirements, and there is every evidence that the London Stock Exchange will not in the near future have to contend against those Brazilian influences which have been a perpetual source of anxiety to the markets here.

Given a continuance of these favourable Continental conditions, there is no likelihood of the London market's position being impaired, and in all probability the Bank of England directors will make a reduction of a half per cent. in the discount rate on Thursday next.

The principal new issue of the week was the Queensland loan of £2,000,000 in Four per Cents. at £99. The Greek loan of £1,687,250 in Five per Cent. Bonds at 92½ per cent. met with fair response from investors, and there was a moderate inquiry for the British Columbian loan of £1,500,000 4½ per cent. stock at £99 per cent., the underwriters having had to take about half of the issue.

The Ceylon loan of £1,000,000 in 4 per cent. Inscribed Stock at £99 per cent. also met with much better response than many similar recent issues which were equally attractive.

Other flotations include a City of Singapore issue of Four per Cent. Sterling Debenture stock, redeemable at par in 1963. Investors will obtain a yield of about 4½ per cent. at the issue price of 92.

In all probability a new short-term Austrian loan will make its appearance here next week. The issue is in Four and a-Half per Cents., and as the issue price is well under par and the redemption is to be made by annual drawings, the stock will probably appeal to public investors.

Investment in existing gilt-edged securities has expanded considerably during the week, in sympathy with the favourable money outlook and the better hopes for the Ulster question. At the moment Consols are only a fraction under the highest point of 76½, touched earlier in the week.

The Exchequer surplus for the past financial year is certainly a "bull" point, and if the Bank of England reduces its discount-rate to 2½ per cent. on Thursday next, a further appreciation of securities seems to be probable.

Little has occurred in the Home Railway market

during the week to call for special comment, but most of the quotations of the leading lines show an appreciation of from 1 to 2 points since last week, North-Westerns, Great Westerns, and North-Easterns being the most prominent features.

American securities have fluctuated a good deal, and there is only a narrow difference in values compared with last week's quotations. Missouri Pacifics have been a good feature on the rumour that the Standard Oil interests are endeavouring to secure control of that line, but generally there appears to be little prospect of steadiness in the American department until the vexed question of "freight rates" is settled by the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The existing depression in Brazilian money circles naturally created an element of uncertainty concerning the dividend of the Central Argentine Co.; but the directors have been able to declare an interim payment on the usual basis of 5 per cent. per annum, and Argentine stocks have been a good feature in consequence, Central Argentine stock having advanced to 106.

The Buenos Ayres Western declaration at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum was also satisfactory in view of the fact that the traffic returns for the past six months showed a decrease of £166,000. The stock has advanced to 116½.

The better French financial conditions have resulted in Paris having been an extensive purchaser during the week in the Foreign bond market, and a sensible improvement has taken place in many of the new scrip issues. The most recent Belgian issue shows a premium of 1½; Riga Scrip 1 premium; and the latest Greek issue is quoted at a half premium, whilst the last Brazilian loan is quoted at a half above the recent "making-up" price.

Mining shares have participated in the appreciation resulting from the Continental improvement, and as soon as public confidence can be restored by a more certain political situation, a period of speculative activity will be experienced. There is still a great scarcity of shares in many directions, Gold Fields having recovered to 2½ on "bear" covering operations, and most of the leading Rand issues would rapidly respond to the least sign of outside support.

The Consolidated Langlaate Mining Co. has enjoyed a good measure of success during the past year. Compared with the previous year, working costs were reduced by nearly 1s. 6d. per ton, and the gross profits realised showed an improvement of £128,394, enabling the directors to declare a dividend of 10 per cent. There is a free market for these shares upon the Stock Exchange, and, judging by the progression of developments and the extensive ore reserves held by the company, the present quotation of 1½ should prove attractive to operators.

The report of the Government Gold Mining Areas (Modderfontein) Consolidated, Limited, for the past year is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. The two southern shafts reached the reef during the year, but in both cases the reef was deeper than had been anticipated, and a considerable amount of water was encountered. In the Northern Section developments have been much more satisfactory, however, 559,500 tons of ore having been worked, giving an average value of 6·6 dwts., and a reduction plant capable of treating 50,000 tons per month has been ordered.

Industrial issues have been comparatively steady during the week, but Argentine Iron and Steel Co. shares were heavily sold on a particularly discouraging report.

Vickers, Ltd., have experienced a successful year, and in addition to the interim dividends and the balance dividends now paid upon the Preferred stock and Preference shares, the directors declare a final dividend of 1s. 6d. per share on the Ordinary shares, making 12½ per cent. for the year.

Rubber shares are lifeless, but Oil shares are drawing a good deal of support, and North Caucasians have been a strong feature at 46s. 9d., it being assumed that this company is earning from 40 to 50 per cent. upon its capital.

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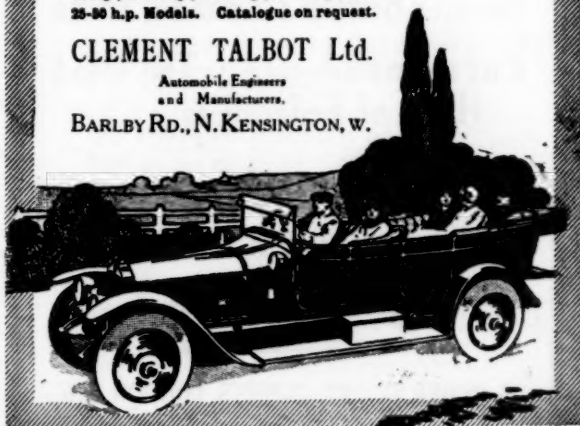
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VICKERS, LTD.

MR. ALBERT VICKERS, presiding at the Company's annual general meeting, held at Sheffield, on Friday, the 27th ultimo, said: When I had the pleasure of meeting you last year I stated that I saw no reason to expect that the year 1913 would show less favourable results than its predecessor. As a matter of fact, it has proved the record year of the Vickers Company. The highest profit level reached previously was in 1906, when the figure was £879,905, and the past year out-topped that by £325,091. We are very happy to congratulate you on so agreeable a fact. We are glad also to remind you that that fact in itself forms a more effective reply than any words could provide as to the wisdom of the increase of the company's capital agreed to at the last general meeting. The company only had the full advantage of that increase for about six months of the year, while the net earnings increased by some £40,000, or at the approximate rate of £80,000 per annum. You will thus agree that when we said last year that the position was perfectly sound and satisfactory, since additional expenditure meant additional profit-earning capacity, we were merely stating a fact that has now become self-evident. If you will kindly look at the balance-sheet, you will perceive that we restored on the asset side the item marked "marketable securities," which has not figured in the accounts for the last few years. We have thought it desirable to do this, in response to observations made at the last general meeting, in order that there may be no false impression in your minds as to the actual increase of our interests in subsidiary and connected companies. When we deem desirable, possibly when the markets have recovered from the depression in which it is no wonder that they are at present plunged, we can realise the securities in question. This fact is concealed when they are lumped together with the item "interests in subsidiary and connected companies," a system, moreover, which unduly swells the last-mentioned item. The income earned by these marketable securities is highly satisfactory and, as the auditors inform you, they are taken in the balance-sheet at a lower aggregate value than their market value. As to the subsidiary and connected companies themselves, you need have no doubts whatever in your minds that they form, as a group, an exceedingly valuable asset in the company's business—an asset, indeed, of distinctly higher value than the figure at which it stands. I said last year, and repeat it now, that it is highly undesirable—indeed, it is quite out of the question—that we should fall in with a wish then expressed that a full list with all particulars should be furnished of the companies forming that asset. But, for your enlightenment, we desire to inform you that the value of the subsidiary and connected companies to the parent company should be judged from two points of view: First, from that of the returns which the company receives from them in the form of actual dividends; and secondly, from that of the accession to the company's business which they bring in large orders for execution in our own home factories. As to the first of these two points, you must understand that a large proportion—in fact, considerably more than one-fifth of the whole amount stated in the balance-sheet—has been expended in the establishment of enterprises which have not yet reached, and may not for some little time reach, their actual period of earning dividends, some not even the producing stage. An important amount is also included for the Isle of Walney Estates Company, which was formed without any expectation that it could ever be made to produce dividends, but which was an indispensable adjunct to the Barrow works owing to the lack of sufficient housing accommodation for the workmen employed at those works. About 1,000 houses have been built, to which the name of Vickers Town has been attached. The items just mentioned formed together over one-quarter of the interests in subsidiary and connected companies, stated in the balance-sheet the figure is £1,235,000, and in spite of their present non-productive condition those interests earn an aggregate dividend of over 7 per cent. If we were to leave out the enterprises to which I have alluded above as being in a non-productive condition, the remaining securities—namely, £2,752,500—yield over 10 per cent. We entertain no doubts as to the success of these enterprises when the production period is reached, while the fact that it has been reached will in all probability enable us to notably decrease the amount at which the asset I have just been discussing stands in the company's balance-sheet. It will probably be a point of considerable interest for you to learn that of the total amount covered by this item in the balance-sheet nearly three-fifths, or about £2,400,000 are embarked in what may be called peace manufactures as distinct from war manufactures, such, for instance, as the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Co. Statements are often made that we develop the business solely on lines of war material, and that this is the only food upon which we live. The figure just given you will show you that this is by no means the case. Moreover, we, of course, continue to take in the large volume of peace work in our own home factories. As to the second point—namely, the accession of business brought by the action of subsidiary and connected companies, even those not yet producing, to our home factories—that is a proposition which I think needs no demonstration, and I need only tell you that a very large volume of work has come to us through these various sources to the great advantage of the company. Indeed, several of the large undertakings which pay no dividends at all procure us such large orders for our own works that they are already at least as profitable as the dividend-paying ones. It is not, I hope, on this occasion a matter of disappointment to any shareholder that we are not proposing to pay a higher dividend than 12½ per cent. I was asked at the last general meeting whether the directors had entered into some self-denying ordinance never to pay a dividend exceeding 10 per cent. I replied that no such self-denying ordinance existed, and that, although I was getting old, I hoped to see the day when more than 10 per cent. would be paid. I am only just a year older and find my hope already fulfilled—a hope, I may add, seeing the balance-sheet which we are presenting to you, justifiably fulfilled. But let me say, as a large shareholder—one, indeed, of the very largest—that on last year's showing I wish for no more, and that I think it would have been a profound error to declare more. We do not wish you to suppose that we are conveying a hint to you to prepare for diminishing prosperity. The balance-sheet itself is enough to show you that it is not so. Stocks and work in progress have increased by upwards of half a million pounds, and we can assure you that the condition of our order books is entirely satisfactory. So far, indeed, as one can foresee, the current year will again show excellent results. But I desire most strongly to impress upon you, as the result of my wide and long business experience, longer probably than that of anyone else in this room, that there can be no worse financial policy for any industrial company, however prosperous and powerful it might be, to divide profits up to the hilt. Your aim should be, while enjoying a reasonable income from the business in which you have invested, to build it up during good years on such sound and solid foundations that the idea of less prosperous years at some future time may produce no discomfort in your minds, and that there shall be at no time any hindrance to the expansion of that business in any direction which the turn of events or of invention may prove necessary to maintain the company at the high level of power and prosperity which it has reached. We have gone well on upon that course, as the present balance-sheet proves to you; do not be disappointed if we express the firm intention of continuing upon it so long as we manage the company's affairs.

The accounts were adopted unanimously, and a final dividend, making 12½ per cent. for the year, was declared on the Ordinary shares. An extra-ordinary meeting of shareholders followed for the purpose of authorising the increase of the capital to £7,050,000 by the creation of £1,100,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each, to be offered to present shareholders at 25s. per share, in the proportion of one for each existing four shares.

The resolution was seconded by Sir Vincent Caillard, and carried.

BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE.

MR. F. HANDEL BOOTH, M.P., presiding at the Ordinary General Meeting of the British Dominions General Insurance Co., Ltd., held on Thursday, said:—

"The marine premium income has increased during the year by £5,633. This is not due to a larger volume of business having been accepted, but is through the rise in the rates of premium which has taken place on a large section of our business. The result, therefore, is that, although our premium income is larger, the quantity of business is smaller, and consequently the outstanding liabilities are proportionately less. In spite of this, however, the balance we have to carry forward is £14,333 more than last year. The total balance of the marine funds available is £257,381 18s. 11d. We have transferred £5,000 to the reserve fund, making same £30,000, and £12,979 2s. 9d. to the investment reserve fund, making the total of this fund £31,500, which sum more than covers the depreciation in the securities, comparing the cost price with the market value on December 31st last. After deducting these amounts we carry forward £239,402 16s. 2d., which is £6,854 3s. 2d. more than last year—a result which I am sure you will all consider extremely gratifying. Turning to our fire and general insurance section, working on conservative lines, the premium income is £40,415, an increase of £15,973 over that of last year. After paying claims, commissions, and expenses, and making due provision for intimated claims the reserve for outstanding liabilities amounts to £20,541, which is just over 50 per cent., and in the opinion of your board is more than sufficient to meet all requirements. The result of all the departments of the company is that the premium income during the year has increased by £21,667, the reserves by £15,297, and the assets by £45,459. Following our usual practice a detailed list of the investments is appended to the accounts, from which you will see the high-class securities in which the funds of the company are invested. As I said in the earlier part of my speech, your directors have thought it a cautious and sound policy to take the market price on December 31st, 1913, although there has been an appreciation since, amounting to £8,000.

"During the present year 16,667 Ordinary shares of £3 each were offered to the shareholders at a premium of £1 per share. The whole of this amount was applied for and allotted. The capital of the company to-day is £400,000 subscribed, with £300,000 paid-up. The £16,667 premium received from the latest issue has been transferred to the reserve fund, which has reached £46,667. I think you will agree that these results place the company in the foremost rank as regards financial position, our paid-up capital being one of the largest, and it was very pleasing to the directors to find the shareholders so ready to take up this issue, showing, as it does, the confidence which they have in their company. The £66,667 was invested when the market prices were low, and a considerable appreciation has taken place."

The report and accounts were adopted unanimously and a final dividend of 3 per cent. was declared on the Ordinary Shares, making 6 per cent. for the year.

Mr. Mountain, the underwriter, then addressed the Meeting and said:

Regarding the outlook for marine insurance, I would like to say that last year has been an interesting one. Underwriters' attention during the year was very largely directed towards endeavouring to improve the conditions for hull insurance. They found themselves faced at the beginning of the year with the certainty that all claims for damages and repairs would be considerably enhanced, owing to the advance in the cost of materials, of labour, and docking. As this class of business, without these additional expenses, had not been on the whole profitable for some years, it was quite imperative that there should be a considerable rise. A powerful committee of the leading underwriters in London was formed to go into the whole question, and it was decided that an increase of 10 per cent. should be asked for on all tramp steamers. Other improvements were also made in connexion with the stipulating for institute warranties and clauses and limiting the amount that could be placed on disbursements to 15 per cent. of the insured value. The committee did much good work, and the results for the underwriting community were decidedly beneficial. In the nature of things, however, these arrangements cannot hold permanently, and after existing for close on a year, owing to difficulties that arose, and differences of opinion, it was decided that each underwriter should be free to follow his own inclination, but with an understanding, which was absolutely necessary, that there should not be any reductions made. Since that time these conditions have been fairly well maintained. There have been practically no reductions in the rates on tramp steamers, and the institute warranties and clauses and the 15 per cent. disbursements clause have all been obtained. In certain cases, however, slight reductions in values have been given. Personally, I do not think that at the present moment these reductions are in any way justified, because, although a 10 per cent. rise was obtained last year, no underwriter has yet had time to know how the increased cost of repairs, which has undoubtedly existed, and which does exist to-day—perhaps, in a slightly less form—will work out, and they will not be able to tell or form an accurate opinion for a further year. It therefore appears to me that it is taking a very sanguine view to start to give any reductions, however slight they may be, when it very possibly may be discovered that the 1913 account on time may not, when it is finished with, leave any profit. During last year we considerably reduced our hull account, and in view of the outlook we are considerably reducing it during the current year. Turning to the insurance of American hulls, the bulk of which have for many years past been placed in the London market, we find the stress of competition is keener, with less justification than on other classes of business. This is largely produced by the fact that during the last few years a large number of English and Continental companies have flocked into the American market. Moreover several of the American fire companies, following the example of the English fire companies, have taken up Marine Insurance. Summing up the whole marine insurance business, I do not take a pessimistic view. I think that the little slackness which is apparent in the market to-day is, caused to a large extent by the extraordinary dearth of business at the present moment, and also of a rather remarkable absence of loss during the last three months, but I hope that, as the year continues and the normal flow of business starts to come into the market, it will strengthen up again. Now, as to Fire business, on this subject I have not much to say. We have continued to develop this class of business on very slow and cautious lines. We will not accept any business that does not appeal to us as first class, and the growth of this business is necessarily very slow. However, results have justified our policy. You will see we have a very full reserve, considerably more than would be required to wind up our account, and the account is growing and is a very steady and satisfactory one. Taking the review of our whole business for the years 1911 and 1912, the results of which are both now known, they have been extremely satisfactory. Up to date the year 1913 looks remarkably healthy, and although it is yet too early to say with any certainty I have every hope of the year turning out as well as the two previous years. The year 1914 has opened remarkably well, and I think that we can look forward to the next year showing the same progress as we have been able to show in the past few years."

The proceedings then terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman and the directors.

SCHWEPPE'S.

Mr. C. D. KEMP-WELCH, presiding at the Annual General Meeting of Schweppes, Limited, held last Thursday, said:—The profits during the year have been the largest since the formation of the company. The slight falling off in the net result, as compared with that of the previous year, is accounted for by the fact that, owing to the public demand for bottles with the Crown cork, instead of the ordinary cork, having grown so very rapidly, the directors considered it prudent, when there was a good year, to face the question at once and write down the value of cork bottles in stock. You will notice that it is proposed again this year to place a further £10,000 to the reserve fund, to pay the same dividends as last year and to carry forward £14,886. The slight increase under the heading of general expenses is accounted for by the additional expenditure on advertising, principally abroad, where our sales are rapidly increasing everywhere, except in South Africa. The falling off in sales in that country is, I believe, the experience of other large importers, and is due to the unsettled conditions there. Our Sydney manager, who is on a short visit to this country, reports that the demand for Schweppes' waters is greater than ever in Australia, and the sales of cordials have largely increased, due to their superior quality. As I informed you at our last meeting, the directors have for some time past considered it necessary to obtain further working capital to carry on our ever-increasing business. Application was made to the Courts for sanction to increase the Ordinary share capital by £100,000 by the issue of 100,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each, and, this having been granted, an extraordinary general meeting of the company was held on the 20th January last, and the shares were offered immediately afterwards to the shareholders. I am pleased to say that the whole issue was largely over applied for and allotments subsequently made. The bank loan is now paid off, and we have now funds to acquire larger premises, and hope to be in possession shortly. Perhaps some of you may know that at the end of July last I was suddenly struck down with a very serious illness. It was of such a nature that my medical men told me that if I recovered I must retire from all business that required daily attention. I am thankful to say that I am now fairly well again, but I decided in the interests of the company, to retire from the position of managing director which I have held ever since the formation of this company. I am prepared, if it is wished that I should do so, to remain as Chairman and help in the management as much as I am able. After careful consideration the Board have decided to appoint Mr. Brian Kemp-Welch in my place. He has acted as my assistant for over 14 years, and I am sure he is fully capable of carrying on the business. He will presently be submitted to you for election as a director, and if you are good enough to elect him, immediately after this meeting I shall retire from the post of managing director, and the Board will appoint him as my successor. Since we last met the Board invited Sir William Dunn and Colonel Ivor Philipps to join the Board, and they consented to act until this annual meeting. They now submit themselves for re-election, and I hope you will elect them unanimously. The directors wish to thank the staff, both indoor and outdoor, for their services. They have all worked loyally in effecting what was a record year for the company. I now beg to move: "That the report and accounts as presented to the meeting be and are hereby adopted and confirmed, and that the dividends be declared as recommended in the report." Mr. Walter H. Harris, C.M.G., seconded the motion. Mr. McAusland asked if there were any probability of an increased dividend being paid on the Deferred shares in the near future, having regard to the fact that additional working capital to the amount of £100,000 had been provided. The Chairman, in reply, said that when the profit had been earned the directors would consider the question which had just been raised, but he did not think they could make any further promise than that at the present time. Mr. Hibbert congratulated the directors on the successful way they had conducted the business for many years past and upon the response made by the shareholders to the appeal for £100,000 of additional capital. In view of the fact that they had this extra capital in the business, he took it that it would not be necessary to place £10,000 to reserve next year, and he ventured to suggest that whatever sum they did set aside under that head should be invested in some security outside the business. Mr. D. Hankey said he did not agree with the last speaker with regard to the reserve fund. Personally he considered it an excellent thing to invest the reserve in a sound business like that of Schweppes, in preference to placing it in outside securities, which had been continually falling. Mr. W. H. Skeel remarked that he would like to emphasise the view expressed by Mr. Hankey. In most companies where the reserve was placed in gilt-edged securities the directors had had to make provision for depreciation. Seeing that the money invested in the business yielded 7 per cent., he hoped Mr. Hibbert's suggestion would not be followed. The Chairman, in reply, said that Mr. Hibbert's suggestion would be taken into consideration by the Board, but he could not say it would be carried out. They had been asked before to do the same thing, and had always stated that they considered it wiser to keep the money in the business as it was paying well. The motion was carried unanimously. The Chairman next proposed the re-election of Sir William Treloar, Bart., Colonel Sir William H. Dunn and Colonel Ivor Philipps, D.S.O., M.P., as directors of the company. Sir Ernest Clarke seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted. Sir William Treloar, Bart., then proposed that Mr. Brian C. D. Kemp-Welch be elected a director. He remarked that he was sure all present were very sorry they were going to lose the services of the Chairman, as managing director, Mr. Kemp-Welch had held that position ever since the formation of the company, and had managed to steer the ship successfully. Mr. Brian Kemp-Welch had occupied the position of manager and had acted under his father for the last fourteen years, and the directors believed he would make an equally good managing director. They hoped at the same time that his father would live for many years to fill the position of Chairman of the Board. Sir Ernest Clarke seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to. It was further resolved that, in accordance with the wishes of the shareholders as unanimously expressed at the last general meeting, the increase of the remuneration of each of the directors from £300 to £400 per annum be confirmed.

On the motion of Mr. Hankey, seconded by Mr. Skeel, Messrs. James and Edwards were reappointed auditors, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

Abridged Prospectus.

The Register of this Debenture Stock will be kept at the London City and Midland Bank, Limited.

The List of Applications will be closed on or before the 6th April, 1914.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

CITY OF SINGAPORE.

OFFER OF

£300,000 Four per Cent. Sterling Debenture Stock, 1913,

Redeemable at par on 30th September, 1963.

Transferable in multiples of £1. Principal and Interest payable in London in Sterling.

PRICE OF ISSUE 92 PER CENT.

The above Debenture Stock has been created in pursuance of the provisions contained in the Singapore Municipal Ordinance, 1913, and with the sanction of the Legislative Council of the Colony of the Straits Settlements, and of the Governor in Council, and forms part of an authorised issue of \$4,500,000, portion of which has been sold in Singapore.

The Municipal Ordinance, 1913, provides for the creation of Sinking Funds for the repayment of the above Debenture Stock at par on the 30th September, 1963.

Interest will be payable on 31st March and 30th September in each year. The first payment will be for a full six months' interest on 30th September, 1914.

THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and Branches, and THE MERCANTILE BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED, 15, Gracechurch Street, E.C.,

are authorised as Bankers for the Purchasers of the above-mentioned Debenture Stock to receive applications for the purchase of the same at the price of 92 per cent., payable as follows:—10 per cent. on application; 82 per cent. on 8th April=92 per cent.

This Debenture Stock is issued for defraying the expenses incurred, or to be incurred, in the execution of various works and services, including Sewerage Scheme, Gasworks, New Markets and Extensions, Electric Installation, Water and Pumping Mains, and the repayment of existing indebtedness. The Stock constitutes a direct liability of the City and is a charge upon the Municipal rates and taxes, subject to outstanding loans

Aggregating \$4,971,500
Deduct: Sinking Funds to end of June, 1913 936,783

\$4,034,717 (= £4,470,717)

Add: Borrowed from the Government of the Straits Settlements under Ordinance

III. of 1907 4,484,460 (= £523,187)

Total outstanding Loans \$8,519,177 (= £993,904)

Singapore is the capital of the British Dependency of that name, and has a population of about 300,000. It is the most important trading port in the south-east of Asia, and the world's ninth largest port, the tonnage of ships entering the port during 1912 having reached nearly 8,000,000 (Port of London about 11,000,000). The following table shows the gross value of imports and exports, excluding treasure, for the five years 1908 to 1912:—

	Imports.	Exports.
1908	£24,761,039	£21,122,503
1909	25,888,771	21,656,510
1910	30,034,814	25,610,725
1911	31,647,522	26,456,253
1912	35,290,028	28,211,078

The official figures for 1913 are not yet available.

For the financial year ended 31st December, 1913, the revenue of the town of Singapore was \$3,250,000 (= £379,167), and the expenditure \$3,500,000 (= £408,333).

Under the Municipal Ordinance, 1913, the total indebtedness of the Commissioners, after deducting from such indebtedness the current value of all sums credited to the Sinking Funds to Loans, may not exceed double the annual value of the houses, buildings, lands and tenements liable to assessment within the Municipality. Double the annual value of the property mentioned on 1st July, 1913, was \$16,863,790 (= £1,967,442). Apart from the rateable value, the City's assets, which include Gasworks, Waterworks and Real Estate, are stated to be worth about £1,980,000.

Application will be made for an official quotation of the Debenture Stock on the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the London City and Midland Bank, Limited, Threadneedle Street, E.C., and branches; the Mercantile Bank of India, Limited, 15, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; the British Foreign and Colonial Corporation, Ltd., 57, Bishopsgate, E.C.; or the Brokers, Messrs. J. & A. Scrimgeour, Hatten Court, Threadneedle St., E.C. LONDON, 2nd April, 1914.

No. G.....

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

This Form should be filled up and forwarded to THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or any of their branches; or to THE MERCANTILE BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED, 15, Gracechurch Street, E.C., together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

CITY OF SINGAPORE.

SALE OF

£300,000 Four per Cent. Sterling Debenture Stock, 1913

Redeemable at Par on 30th September, 1963.

To the LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED,

or to THE MERCANTILE BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED,

AS BANKERS FOR THE PURCHASERS.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to you the sum of £....., being at the rate of 10 per cent. on £..... of the above Debenture Stock, I/we request that the Purchasers will sell to me/us that amount of Debenture Stock at the price of 92 per cent., and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less amount that may be sold to me/us, and to pay the balance due on 8th April, 1914, in conformity with the terms of the Prospectus dated 2nd April, 1914.

Signature

Name in full

Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and Title (if any).

Address

Date.....April, 1914.

Cheques should be made payable to Bearer, and crossed.

Applications must be for £50 or multiples of £50 of Debenture Stock.

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